

From Dream to Product

*(A Recording
From the
Frequency
Spectrum
of an Internal
Radio)*

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I'VE WISHED, RECENTLY, TO get some
of the ideas in my mind down into this

word processor screen. There's an old parable of sorts, that I was told, as a child, which I'm somewhat remembering this weekend... and as we begin into September, today, I'd like to get it down in writing. **Say, that I'm on board a boat, figuratively speaking, (my writers' calling, and journey,) out upon the waters.** *The waves rise progressively higher and higher... and begin to come up the sides of my vessel. Finally, the story goes, the waves come all of the way over the sides of the boat... such that I practically became as one with*

the blustery sea. Let's say that it is from this perspective, as someone who has more or less somewhat blended in with the ocean waves, (*in this figurative sense,*) that I begin this writing. *I guess, that if I had to be honest, I'd say, how the waters have gotten up quite a bit a few times before...* this isn't really the first occasion when I've used this overflooded metaphor... because, as I remember, this parable has been recalled by myself on numerous times before... **this of the sailing boat, which has become tossed about,**

upon the ocean waves. *I mention it, partly because of our tomorrow is the unofficial end of summer, and the first chilly breezes of winter are beginning to be felt.* This, and, because of another comparison, I might could make, about our aging writers, and musicians, and actresses and actors, some of them, anyway, *and the ways they make people see, as the years pass them by, and they grow old.* Imagine, if the storied writer and musician had survived a mental break down, and then, like some others, had a successful comeback record, and

tour, but then survived a second break down, and self injury. Then let's suppose, that he had somewhat subsequently been given assistance in living, through the health department professionals, *and had survived twenty years, in communal living in such an environment.* Suppose also, that during this time, he had somewhat gone inward, *but had developed his career, and learned to look upon, and see his life, and his work, and the world around him, **from the Ascended perspective...*** (He says that he talks with angels, for

instance. *He says that he or she spends his days and nights in communion and conversation with 'higher beings,' and has just all but 'gone upstairs,' for all intents and purposes.)* Imagine, if he had continued writing, and gotten moved again, *and resettled in his childhood home town.* Imagine then the writer or musician had found a regular groove, and gotten back to living, and working, and concurrently written three or four books, for his first new year's time back in his home town. *Then, as life's waters had then risen, as they always*

do, on the bow of his boat... he finds the sea beginning to come over the sides of his boat, and so as a coping strategy, he in usual fashion, begins a new book for the Autumn days ahead. He would then be a somewhat prolific writer, or musician. Would my reader not agree that he would somewhat begin to qualify for the title 'prolific?'

Well, this story, this comparison, and parable, might just have some lessons in it yet. I think, that one of the reasons that we have the unofficial end of summer, *is so that we can look and inwardly see, around this time,*

*exactly how the new winter is coming in each year... **whether robust, whether frightening, or whether profoundly frightening.*** It seems, to me, that there is an under represented segment of our societal system, so to speak, *which is made up of somewhat unlikely volunteers... the wild nature.* These small furry and feathered, and horned, and antenna bearing, and scaley, and slimey ones, I imagine, really inform our dream lives, in general... *although many of us spend most of our time largely ignoring them.* I can sense these

powerful, wise nature spirits most profoundly, around the time of the arrival of 'Old Man Winter,' each season, which usually happens around the unofficial end of summer. These are nature spirits, and presences, such as the local ground hogs, and racoons, and opossums, and field mice, and rabbits, and armadillo. I reckon that this category extends into the arthropods, as well... the insects, and arachnids which we might have locally. *You see, that some of these creatures, may in fact not make it through the winter... some will die off with the*

killing frosts. This, I think, to make a story short, explains why I sense these early winter breezes, and tidings so profoundly, around this time of year. I know, that I'm not the first to have written about this type of phenomenon, about these perceptions, *in case you thought that my ego was that bad.* ***I'm part of a community, I think, of writers, and painters, and musicians stretching back hundreds, if not thousands of years,*** who peel back the veneer, and who look at the collective paleo sub lands, in general, ***only, with an eye***

that also factors in the 'wild nature.' Some of us will say, that we have to keep these guys out, and I agree... *out of our homes, and bedrooms. They wouldn't want us in their dens, and corridors, either.* But, we can somewhat meet in the middle, in this sort of naturalistic, stream of consciousness writing style, and at least make some record of the ideas of our multi cultural, even multi species consciousnesses. At any rate, I had better get some sleep. *But, tomorrow I'll look at these words with refreshed mind and spirit.* Well, it's the next

day, and our home here is doing well, and I have a few minutes before morning medicines, *so I'll get down a few more ideas, if they materialize.* I think that in most of my new writings, in the past, I've began writing from the perspective of, "Well, the waves are really coming up on the sides of the boat... So, by my starting some writing, I can kind of sublimate this worry, and transform it, and turn '*the lemons into lemonade.*'" Numerous of my books have started this way. At any rate, this appears to be my usual style, for beginning a new set of

writings. I've just never actually stopped, and counted all of the troubles, and ordeals, in my life from week to week... and I think it helps, somewhat to see myself with a gentle understanding eye, for a change, ***and to somewhat admit, that this writing and music path isn't easy.*** My ordinary living, from week to week, isn't a leisure cruise... *it's an job... even an ordeal, to just go through the usual highs and lows of any standard week.* So, having noted this, my heart goes again out unto my guardians, and oversight people... my management,

and administrative staff... who don't have a very easy time, either, (*professionally, of facilitating my existence, in this home... well, in any home...*) **the team effort is always a large part of any given day.** Such is greatly appreciated. *I'd take off into the wide blue yonder, if I thought that I could survive on my own, but I've grown so solitary, and vegetative, in recent years, that I wouldn't even pretend to think that I could make it work, alone... for even a year.* So, I think it's true, that those who don't marry, or get a permanent house mate

will often need assistance... such is greatly appreciated. *Well, my day has progressed, and I've gotten this essay to a fair degree of completion.* I'll just somewhat visualize these words coming inn to a logical resting position, until I can get my second article written, and added inn after. ***I'll wrap these ideas up, now, and add them in as my new starting essay.*** All for now, Greg.

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I'll just peer into the leading edge of ideas, which arise upon resting my hands on my word processor keyboard. I had awoken early, to somewhat get some writing done... to just look inside the new morning's light, and, to as it were, 'remedy the pain of the opening article...' somewhat by going behind myself, the next day, and making any nuanced changes to the structural integrity, ***necessary to help me feel better about the writing.*** If there's a thing that I'm most glad about, on a morning like this one, it's this: 'Our

system works great.' I've never, in my time, in any of the neighborhoods where I've lived, had any instance of night time, or early morning slumber, or reading being disturbed, at all. I know, that keeping the civic order, in our country, *is a system based on our strong deterrents... this system works, flawlessly, if you want my accounting.* Just like right now, I've woken early, and can now easily summon the intelligence quotient necessary to effectively come up with a new second article. So, this is what I am working on, presently. With a little brew of the

steeped, oxidized leaves of the Camellia sinensis plant... also known as black tea... *this caffeine delight can help a writing session, with words, then just tumbling off of your pen stylus, onto the page.* So, this is the plan. The first article in this series, posted yesterday, was pretty special... the ideas had crowded my mind, *and just overflowed onto the word processor page.* When you can distill your latest thinking down into four or five main ideas, and concepts, that you can treat linguistically, in writing, then actually getting them onto paper

is then like a catharsis, *and my mind then lies at peace for a space... and I can rest knowing that the ideas have found an audience.* So, this is why I went and put my thoughts onto the page, yesterday morning. *I figured I'd help myself enormously, by getting them read by others.* I would say, in reply to those people who wonder, ***'How is your wintery, cold air effects, and sigh phenomena doing to you as we approach this season?' 'This official end of summer?'*** Well, let me start a reply, by saying how well my writer's and

musician's mind is doing this year, in general... all of my literary, and musical goals, and artistic goals, have been met... and my results are just so satisfactory. *I couldn't have wished for any better equity, **than this, the 'Impromptu Profundity' audiobook, which, I think has elevated my value as mental health consumer considerably.*** My guardian spirits are doing great. But, the time has had it's issues... and seeing these problems has stung my mind to it's core... since what happened last Friday, I've tolerated several depressed

mornings... *such seemed to just require an sort of acknowledging, by me, of what appeared to have happened.* Prayerfully, this was a hard realization which I replayed numerous times in my imagination's mind. At any rate, I've really felt winter's fury as well, in the serious weather events, of the recent year... I think that the serious flooding out west, two apocalyptic floods, as well as the ones in the Carolinas, were just mind numbingly proof of nature's raw power... *when the road and parking lot in front of your store or place of*

*business becomes a torrential river of brown water, and such overpowers your front door, and destroys everything inside, **then you know that you've been hit by a stone cold criminal.*** If only you could have foreseen and planned for that worst case scenario. But, look on the bright side... *in a nation of three hundred and forty million people, our statistics are very small indeed, that any one person dies by weather, or violent crime. I looked it up, (the chances, of violent death, in America,) and it was in the range of a one in one*

hundred thousand percent chance.

We're most likely to die of a cardiac event, if we're of an age, and second in the list is stroke, this followed by cancer, and, fourth, lower respiratory infection... especially in older people. So, most everyone fears

worse than they actually face. *Most people live long happy lives, limited only by their bad habits, dietary habits, and smoking, and drinking, and risk taking.* So, it looks like, my second article, in this set is taking the form of some reassurances. Well, at

any rate, I thought the reader would appreciate this quick re analysis... ***and I hope that life continues to be good for you. 'Oh what a lucky, and happy man he was!'*** At any rate, I'll see about finding a place to leave off with this writing, and give such a few re reads, to check for errors, and get ready for my morning. (*Later, now, and I'm going to see if I can finish this article out unto it's completion, and make such into an audio text reading, and have this to give back, then.*) I'm looking, this morning, towards the day's meetings

and appointments, and getting over to the office for my morning medicine is the first. After this, now, and I have a few minutes before I get to go over to the clinic across town, *and get that accomplished.* Today is the first Tuesday in September, this month, *and I've gotten this writing going, to accompany myself through the days tedium.* I'll get any appointments accomplished, and be back to my apartment in no time at all. At any rate, my own mind is weak, and faint. I'm slow to see simple things, and sometimes I have to trudge through

difficult processes, like I'm trying to pass an act of Congress, in arriving upon the right wording for a particular thing. ***I'm often having to be 'uncool,' and 'nerdy,' because my prevailing mental construmment has already been outdated.*** I labor over simple appointments, and meetings... you'd think that I hold the reins of the nation... *such is the mouldyness of my writer's mind.* At any rate, I'm getting these thoughts down, to kind of, *determine just what is the matter, in the first place, (which is, I think, the way the wording for this writing had to*

be arrived upon, and written out, in real time.) My morning's appointment, I think, if it comes to pass, is for just a very minor vaccine update... I may be dealing with a sense that the time is wrong for this appointment... this may be the case, but the nurses aren't trying to bother me, *but to tie up the vaccine loose end.* At any rate, I'll remember this mornings gloom, I can tell, because I've written such into my latest article... this one which you are reading now, and I'm nearly finished getting these ideas down, and

completed. Then, hopefully, when I've gotten two or three good essays into the beginning of a new book, ***part one of the 'Dream to Product,' audio book***, I'll make my new text reading and audio book chapter preliminary. The only really annoying part of a morning like this one is the cloudiness, and chances for rain this week... so if I have to get on the road any this week, ride in the van, it may involve going through the rain, and somewhat waiting in the rain to be picked back up. *(Hopefully, there won't be this appointment this week, I've*

*just wondered if, four to six months after my last vaccine update, I'm supposed to get the follow up part two vaccine injection. Only this should be anytime in the next two months.) It's like I said, tedium rules my mind sometimes, as I'm working at any given time, now, on a new batch of writings... getting the ideas in my head down on paper. Having some work going, in a work week, in my land, is a lot more preferable, than not having such. **At any rate, work life or not, I'll be glad when our sunshine weather is back, with***

***cooler temperatures, as we are
forcast later in this month.*** Well, I
guess, that I'll wrap these ideas up,
and think about adding them in with
the others, now. This will then give me
a green light, to produce my audio
book start. All for now, Greg.

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FROM DREAM TO PRODUCT

*It sure is good, in such a cynical age,
when a sister will show a brother real
honesty.* Living doesn't have many

happy areas, if we feel that our thoughts have caused a something that came after. This is the most common illusion of having a mind, I think. Yes, I think, that if we wish to feel and experience grief, *there'll always be plenty of good causes, which we can find, for that grief.* Maybe the satisfaction comes when we're happy and contented with the kind of goodness that we do find... *especially if we don't have much to complain about.* This morning, I'm glad to return in memory to someone who I care about... a portrait which

reminds me of... and, maybe we'll flow together, and find some real happiness. *I myself hear a lot of criticism from people, that they don't actually show me. I'm paranoid, and I wrongly believe the criticism that I imagine from the minds of others.* Oh, I know I'm too self critical. *'Maybe, if you knew how much someone like me loves the thought of you, you'd ease up on yourself.'* **What I think, we want to do, is to buy into the idea, that we're attractive, to whoever is nearby.** I myself am usually just too

hung up on the bad feelings, of pain, and discomfort, around my face and head to allow many positive connotations, with myself, socially. *You have to feel good... you have to be in touch with the bliss and ecstasy present naturally, otherwise you'll believe negative things about yourself.* But, for many people, 'Life is dues paying.' 'Life is the work it does.' Maybe, when we're living solely for the sweet hereafter, this precludes us from appreciating our here and now. *How do you think, that your life would advance, socially, if you had a real*

experience of bliss, in your life? But, you live to work... to purchase the heavenly abode... to earn the celestial palace, which you're somewhat given.

'We want to experience the inns and outs of our literature generation, of its creation, or we'll be bewildered, and mystified, when we're allowed to enter into such palace.' *'Whose beautiful house is this?' 'Whose lovely garden?'* So, I suggest that we get to know and familiarize ourselves with the 'work of living.' Or else we'll fly off, into the courts of 'bad behavior...' We'll be stuck with feeling regret, for things

that others have done, through our lives. **So, remember the work of self authorship... such is crucial to the experience of inhabiting that future place, which your spirit will inherit.** So, the work of living, and of self authorship, I think, is a precious part of owning that self's work, **when one day we come into full appreciation of such.** Well, this morning, I'm dealing with some discomfort of digestive distress. My stomach has been cramping, since I woke up, and bile is coming back up into my mouth. My stomach is torn

up. I'm wondering if it's just me, a stomach bug, or a real future issue, with the contemporary time. *Maybe it's the radio program that I'm listening unto, this morning.* Putting problems such as these away from myself, comes through, and my morning gets along. Well, we're having mostly sunny weather, this week... with our only rain expected later this weekend. This is the first Wednesday in September, and I'm feeling fine... *quite delighted to just have the thought of you by my side, and to not be experiencing worry, or*

*grief, about things that are only under the Lord's control... **and to not be worried about any imagistic train wreck.***

Your piano playing, for instance, doesn't ask such hard questions of others, or the happenstance of life... things such as accidents in this world happen for real reasons... *real checklists forgotten, or updates ignored.*

Such factors happen more in real time, within the seen, and not the seer. Does that make any sense? *I guess it always depends on your perspective... whether up or down... whether good or*

bad... whether happy or sad.

Heaviness is an illusion, which only affects your *responses to ordinary events*. Real happiness comes about of it's own accord, only when things are in order. ***One might be at peace within the past, but not about the future... until the issue passes.***

Living is a pretty fun prospect, once the work and endeavor are behind. And I don't think that just saying so is the same thing as doing it. *A time of pushing, and striving might be the 'work' spoken of.* Corporate bosses know what it means to remodel an

entire store. Remodeling a store isn't a push button result. The regional manager has to know how to stay on contractors, and managers... *employees who might have to learn new skills to tackle the challenges of such a job.* Remodeling, for instance is a pretty intensive sort of push, *if you're going to maximize your work days... and make the most of your employees... your operating window.* These are just my guesses, from having worked at stores that get remodeled. Those times are about like a military campaign to get through.

Supplies, equipment, skilled labor... these things have to be used, and not allowed to sit idle... *in order to meet the schedule for completion.* Living is a pretty fun thing, at best, and it should be. *But this can take place only after the days work is behind.* See? I work some, almost every day. *But, the unique media which I put forth twenty five years ago was ideosyncratic to say the least... and the times, they were challenging as well.* What I'm trying to say, is that doing this work, nowadays, is easier than that earlier work was for myself.

I got my first professional internet connection in two thousand. So, learning my way around my corner of the world wide web could only be done gradually, *and I wasn't shown a very representational view of the world, until after the Mayan Baktuun, when my work got better, and easier, and the time relaxed more.* So those first twelve, or I guess more like fifteen years were a nightmarish introduction to publishing. But it was just how my life was given to me. I had had too much pain in my life, for a decade, up until nineteen ninety eight, to do

professional quality work. *But, that was about when the real crazy stuff was just beginning.* But, even that period hardly compared to the wholesale killing of world war one, and two... **which were real meat grinders.** So, you see? America hadn't had it easy, in the twentieth century, there was a lot of loss... *and then there was the Korean conflict, and Vietnam war.* My country got tasked with a lot of tough jobs. During war time, whole industries were developed... internal combustion powered travel, aviation, and

automobiles. The incandescent light bulb kicked off a whole revolution in not only home appliances, and industrial processes, but telecommunications as well... *such things as the telegraph, AM radio, and television came out of the wartime technology.* At any rate, such was a stormy stormy time. And just today... the past thirty years have seen plenty ground breaking technologies... *with personal and palm sized super computers, and the instantaneous publishing such brought to everyone,* it's a wonder times weren't any worse

than they were. But, Nine eleven, I think, was a lot worse than Pearl Harbor. I thought I was living pain free, from nineteen nineteen ninety eight, but I struggled with mental issues... **simple bad migraines became the norm.** I don't exactly mean tender kind of throbbing pain... *I mean spatio spiritual entanglements, and complexities, felt and experienced as persistent issues around ones face and head... in the spaces around myself, the encompassing field of presences, was a constantly puzzling predicament, and enigma, for me to*

solve, daily. So, see, not exactly pain free living... but more like vexation. At any rate, I've given you a whirl wind recap, of the last one hundred and twenty five years, or so. And there were always wars... the American Civil War. *It's unbelievable that our young men had to square off in opposite armies, and shoot one another with repeating rifles, and cannons.* Before that, was the Revolutionary War, when the British used muskets and cannons against American soldiers. So, you can't say that we haven't had hard times, you can't. At any rate, I'll see

and think about wrapping these ideas up, and adding them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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I'm going to see if there are any ideas beneath my surface, this first Thursday evening in September, this year. I've waited all day, to try some writing, *thinking that, maybe by that time I will have solved the day's puzzle sufficiently.* I guess that I have a few ideas, of a jazzy, improvisational sort... at the most, I think that I'll

make some real progress, on a fourth article in this new, '**From Dream to Product,**' audiobook. My background music comes in at around one hour in length, so I guess that I can come up with enough writing to completely make use of the beautiful sounds. That's really the objective for this writing... *I've got a ways to go, as I'm almost one third of the way there.* At any rate, I've recently seen, that I'm hardly even present, these days, in my friend group... I look at what some of the others are doing, *but I think, to myself, that I've already expressed my*

peace... I've already had my say, in my music, and audio books, and videos, and document files. I've seen so many miles going beneath my wheels, recently, that I'm nearly used to the sight of my own ghost... some years hence. Well, it's easy to say that way, I guess, but I'm not going to count on it. I get the most excitement, these days, out of putting my hands and arms upstretched past the sides of my head... even finding a visual way of 'threading the needle,' has been beneficial. Maybe that's been more beneficial than anything else. But it

can't work for you if you won't try for yourself to use that method. *At any rate, I'm glad to have gotten even these words into this article.* And come to think of it, **my hands feel large and competent upon this external blue tooth keyboard.** (This, you know suggests at a strong set of latencies, in the heart of my guiding light... my guardian spirits.) Here's the idea. *If one doesn't mind delayed gratification, one will eventually get his or her needs met, regardless.* It's only through the delay, where we learn we can do

without. *Otherwise, the Angels in heaven will remain forever out of reach.* I remember when I moved into this residence, I went for more than a month... more like six weeks... doing without the drinks and snacks I love. ***But that was some reassurance, that I can be like the Angels, if I have to.*** *You'd be jealous of me, if you knew the good that can come of 'delayed gratification.'* This is something that the disabled will be familiar with. I like my tea brews kind of strong... so when I get to do without them, even for only three days, I'll feel

so much more in tune with my environment... ***this will be when I really do live in full color.*** (When I can get past that need for brew. This comes when your needs are being met in other ways... *for attention, for gentleness, for a soft look, by readers who take some time with you... it's not so hard to go without then?)* At least this is my theory on the matter. Every once in a while, a writer or artist enters into an etheric period, when his or her strategies get put to the test, ***and it feels as if Nature has risen up against him.*** But just as such an

experience arises, **so it also subsides.** I've been through this a few times, through the years. I'll do a record, or art piece that causes the light bulbs in my head to strobe, for twenty four, or forty eight hours... and I'll be glad when the experience subsides. It's not hard, as long as I don't try and be like a diva, most immaculate. **I'm just a somewhat overweight, mortal man.** But, I can always take the lemons I'm given and make lemonade. So, this is what this writing is like... this starting of a new set of writings. **A Godly start**

usually encounters resistance. At the beginning of a book project, a writer is an ugly lump of coal. But, if he uses perseverance, he'll find hidden inner structures, *and will come to see the light refract... crystalline latticework, then.* **But, it takes a little patience, like wine, to age to maturity.** At any rate. I'll put this writing away, until new ideas can formulate. Anyway, all for now. Greg. The next day, *and I'm practically glad to have to deal with the ordinary waiting which the disabled are commonly shown... relying on the*

*assistance of others, as they do. But, the shade from this tree feels good, and I'm contented, knowing that we'll get through it. The main thing, to me, is knowing how the driver is wholly competent, and how our trust in her or him is well placed. If there's one thing that those who rely on others know, it's '**We'll get there.**' The ideas in my head are better remembered, I've found, if I'll write them down. And then my life will be more than just a gray wash of memories... more than just a twinkling in memory. I've been augmented, and bionic since I first*

began using this phone word processor's 'auto complete' feature, in twenty twenty. ***This simply amounts to a raise in my intelligence quotient.*** I don't make grammar, spelling, or syntax mistakes anymore, which is pretty good, isn't it? At any rate, our day has gotten along, and we're back, now, from a grocery trip. So, my needs, and wants have been seen unto. Today is Friday, the first one in September, this year. I'm glad to have gotten this writing started, and along, *and am greatly looking forward to getting it produced in with*

the other recent articles. I'm glad to be as free as I am... having just started this new book project, at the first of this month. I think, that it's pretty good to already have this new audio book chapter coming along as well as it is... *with no issues to speak of... that, for my part, is just great.* I'm feeling pleasantly contented, spending this Friday dusky time listening to optical cee dees on a good personal player, **and lazily adding onto this new article whatever thoughts arise.** This kind of communion is just rare, and special.

Our sunn is setting to the West in front of our building, across our driveway, and behind the pines... *casting it's golden rays through the trees onto our buildings.* I see, that I can find some peace in these simple things. It will be good to get this article finished, and added in with the others. Well, I'm settling into bed, and trying to finish this article. I could sit looking at a shuffle of my art museums collections on my computer long into the night... *I get my fill, and have to turn it off just to get to sleep.* I think to myself that, *'There couldn't be any greater*

fulfillment than this.' But, my intuition tells me, *that to be a ghost, and to merely float upon the air, and to see and know all, passively, is really the un matched experience.* Especially being such way in the midst of writers, and artists, and dreamers. As I sit up, in this bed, I'm continuing to look deep into the mind's of these twentieth century artists... ***I'm seeming to see every expressive nuance, and nuage as the artist's intention and imagination had rendered such.*** This is like drinking inn the visual feasts spanning all sorts of times, and

places... *knowing and understanding
the currency of dreams themselves.*

At any rate, I think that these ideas
are coming to their logical endings, inn
through here, so I'll wrap them up, and
add inn with the others, now. All for
now, Greg.

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I thought I'd somewhat look into what
might could be said about my style of
playing keyboard music. What, if
anything, can be said soberly, in
ordinary criticism? Well, here's what I

think. ***I'm a builder, in the basic sense.*** There are a world of proficient keyboard players out there, in jazz, blues, rock, and soul, and gospel, and country, and the unique thing about my playing, I think, *is that I'm not proficient, technically, at all.* One can press keys, to get certain sonic effects. Your instrument, may have a wide range of sampled acoustic instrumental sounds, and synthesized specialty sounds, which are not like any acoustic instrument, but which are built electronically, using AWM, Wave Memory synthesis, for instance. *I was*

just wondering, just what am I, as a keyboardist, if not the criticism of myself. So, in an effort to get down some ideas about the character of my artist persona, I'm going to describe the way I play. As I said, I am almost completely lacking in proficiency, at the keyboard, or the piano, either one. But, I can press notes, and sonically sculpt a mood, or a type of emotional feeling. I think, that if my playing itself had one attribute, which I could say, it would be in my phrasing... which is usually legato, and slow... enlongated, and drawn out. I can

summon feeling, to embellish, or adorn my usually soft, and expressive phrases. If you can think of the way a female voice talks, in a soothing and calming manner, in an articulate, way and with certain emphasis, on the specifics of what she's saying... *this is somewhat how my playing, at best tends to be.* The sampled and synthesized voices which my keyboard produces, some of them, *are real sonic treats to hear played back.* So, what I've tried to do, is to play and record some made up pieces, as if I were featuring some of those great voices,

in a most evocative way... as if I were trying to demonstrate the best of them, and give the listener a kind of fantasy view of my particular keyboard brand... *how does this particular keyboard sound at best?* How have I featured different voices in the best way to show their beauty... their texture, warmth, clarity, presence, sonorous, or beautiful qualities, both... *to show and demonstrate the instrument in a positive light?* At any rate, I would say that I've maximized my instrument by playing numerous examples of how it sounds at best. At

any rate, my playing itself has strong expressive abilities... especially as in a soothing, reassuring, calming and gentle female voice, which is proficient, as well at emphasis and enunciation of a wide range of expressive flourishes, and embellishments. Somewhat like a friend who will somewhat offer ideas and feedback, and suggest directions... *so my spirit guides have allowed me to take my sounds into the locales where I've desired to take them.* This has made my playing so much my own expression. Well, I

guess, I can talk about my instrument, and the ways that the sounds are so sweet, some of them... but I'm missing something important *if I don't talk some about the great expressive ability, of the spirit inspiration, of an fully conscious mind, in flowing, like a stream, through the person's playing. To paraphrase another, this is the 'Soul inside of the machine.'* This is the inner duality, which talks quietly with itself, and engages in conversations about art, and idealism, and finds some definite wins... even through a medium such as music, if it comes

*down to it. So, this has to be the best of what an ability can do... **this secondary, or tertiary, animating principle, which only waking consciousness of a higher ascended presence can bring.** As for myself, my mom did her best to enroll me in piano lessons from about age seven, to seventeen. So, I guess I have some proficiency, in the theory, but I've forgotten most of this ability to read or write music tablature. I just go as the spirit leads me, and I might never leave the key of 'C.' Because of the fact that I find that the easiest for*

me, with the fewest black keys having to be used, to get the basic full sound. So, in this article, I've somewhat started by talking about the ways that phrasing ability, and the sweetness of digital sampling, and synthesis can allow for full fledged self expression, *and I have concluded that by somewhat giving most of the credit, if there were any, to ones own guardian spirits, we can tell the story more accurately.* But, I think, that in heaven, one day, we'll grow to be fairly disinterested in ego striving... because we'll be so keyed into the

collective psyche of all mankind. This is something you will grow more attuned to. *You see, as souls, we don't have any real boundaries... our souls reach out, practically forever and ever... if we could perceive that far.* At any rate, our ego striving, I believe, tends to get sublimated to the collective concerns of the human species as a whole. Isn't this interesting? At any rate, I thought I'd just cover some of these ideas, to show for myself. *Because, partly, 'What am I, if not the criticism about me?'* I know, I guess, that I'm free, or

encumbered... I'm up, or down... I'm left or I'm right. *But, if no one is there to see me, 'Am I really there?'* This is a good question. At any rate, I'll set this writing aside for a while, and see if some more ideas develop, or if this will be a complete article. *But, I wanted to offer my self criticism... because self criticism might be all I ever get... if any at all.* To paraphrase another, **'The Old Town Creek goes on and on about me... and without me.'** **'It can be about its own self, can't it?'** **'Can't I be about my own self, as well?'** Characteristics, such

as good qualities, are elusive things. They are often acquired, only to be lost. *To hold on to who you are, you'll just want to 'Write your thoughts down.'* **I might as well be a figment of the mind, until I write my ideas down.** Well, I'll wrap these words up, and bring to a conclusion, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I think that I awoke around five this morning. Today is the second Monday in September, this year. We've got

good sunshine as this day begins, and our forcaster tells us that we can expect sunn through the week. Our temperatures will be in the middle eighties, to lower nineties by Friday. So, this is a beautiful week, but hot, if you were expecting cool Fall temperatures. *So, this is really nothing like what I was thinking at the first of the month. This is the summer.* Strong spirit presences run like streams through peoples' lives, and art. It's so good to have good spiritual guidance. *Many people dispense with ego striving, when they are somewhat*

*young, and so these might not 'get' a strong literary voice, much at all. Some of us will be 'writers,' and so we'll make use of, and enjoy, the connection as we can find it, with spiritual muses, as they occur in our society. **The writing of thoughts, is a real gift... much like pennies from heaven.** Many people are mediumistic, like this, and cherish the connection, (any good connection,) with a higher ascended being. *Living, I think, is a process of growing in faith, knowledge, and trust in your own particular guardian spirits, and**

learning to walk ever closer, with such.
The dazzling morning sunn, makes
most of us glad, *and some of us have*
it in our soul, as well, and we'll tell
you, or let you know. Most aren't shy,
about the sunshine in their soul! *I'm*
proud of my inner light, and I'll tell
anyone. We had a pretty good, a
pretty peaceful weekend. (On our
news pages, at least,) So, we're
happy about that, I'd say. My goals for
this week, are to continue more of the
same. I also think that I should be
able to finish this first part of my,
'From DREAM to PRODUCT,'

audiobook. *Staying on my housework, is a part of meeting these goals.* I'm in a period, when I'm thinking about my yoga stretch visualization... and I'm also thinking somewhat about another particular way of seeing the 'doors through which my mind perceives...' which might be, something like the eyes, set into my head... *as well as the somewhat vertical openings behind my nose, and sinus, through which my nose breathes.* I think this is new, and interesting. 'The double slit experiment,' I think is a way of

comparing the wave patterns coming from through two openings side by side, and comparing the way the spectrographic analysis looks, one opening with the other... **to determine some information about the light source object.** *I've never seen such show up as a pain relief meditation, or visualization.* At any rate, you might could ask yourself, *'Do I see the difference between the usage of this double slit meditation... and the 'yoga stretch visualization?' 'Which is best for pain relief?'* Also, an listener might notice, how, *'This*

musical artist really has a profound sound... or *'This sounds like music from the islands.'* He dabbles in what I would call *'High Strangeness.'* Or, *else just makes you feel pleasant.* I guess I've been through experiences like these, both of these types of moods, *back in the years when I would let myself get isolated.* Powerfully affective music albums, like these, are good for, *'Let's remember.'* **Having had extraordinary experiences, in Hermiticism, can build in a person a musical, or artistic range, that might be called 'powerfully**

affective.' *You see, we tend to make expressions based in our own experiences? This is also a stage of the Youngian individuation, in which the person illustrates, artistically, the contents of his or her 'visionary experience.'* At any rate. With a strong spiritual guide, in your heart consciousness, you'll at times wade through dark waters, as well as the tropics, *but you'll always tend to return to your home place.* I know, because I've been '**Walking in the light of Jah,**' to paraphrase the song, for more than twenty years. At any

rate. I've red back through this article, and tried to make it come up to the highest sensible standards, which I know of. *Still another re read shows that I've made progress... so I can move along, into the rest of the article.* I've had a good, productive day, today, because I've gotten this article along toward it's completion. But that's not the only thing I've done. *I also have been in the pursuit of figuring out what to do with a kind of weak link, and somewhat working with that cooperatively...* this was, I think just an unusual projection of my own

creative life... *and it was good to solve such to my satisfaction.* The person had expanded on an idea I might have seen, but in a different way... *and I somewhat got spooked by my own echoances.* At any rate, you see? The matter seems to have cleared up on it's own... *at least I'm breathing easier, now, later in the day.* **I had had to hustle to get an grasp of something I couldn't understand.** Such as an endless abundance of classic literature... *or good material of any kind... apparently from nothing...* *As found inn the do odd, the intrinsic*

pairing of gender attraction, at the heart of some movements. You F ology, for example, which proposes that some people have been in a process of telepathically reverse engineering of alien you F oh craft and technology for a half a century or more. *Some say that this process is chiefly heralded by the plethora of crystal skulls,* which dispence knowledge telepathically, supposedly based around a mythical trove of silver, gold, or platinum binary encoded disks, which researcher Von Daniken claims to have been taken to,

and seen in a Central American cave,
***and subsequently denied access
to, ever since.*** But the crystal skulls,
however, are known of, and can be
largely found, except for a few. I
believe that any inventor, however,
can tap into the field of such
presences. *This is somewhat what this
present writer is, also... and I think
this kind of 'down linking,' works best
when a person makes, or is given an
alliance with a higher ascended being,
and this then happens 'across the
veil,'* This might also be at the heart of
some movements, as I see these types

of things, in others, as I come upon them. *The tendency is to feel threatened by such, or compromised in some way?* But, these might be the only ways I know to access information of a rarer, or higher nature. What do you think? At any rate, I can see these ideas somewhat coming to their conclusion about now, so I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I'll go to my word processor screen, in thought, to somewhat see just what is beneath my surface, tonight. I'm very glad for this new audio book chapter. But it was not easy to get the bugs worked out... ***I would say it was challenging work.*** Before I go farther in my career doing this type of work... my readers should know, I don't consider myself any special artist... *I'm a content developer... period.* You shouldn't look for cosmic meaning in my work... maybe that's been the main thing for me to get past... for my readers to muddle

through... ***this type of writing is no more than, just whatever I can come up with.*** I let this issue get me confused through the years, and for that, I'm sorry. Part of myself was just trying to follow in my Dad's patterns, but I definitely understand now... I'm just mainly staying busy... *so that I'll have something to show for the time spent... and so as to make some record of my thoughts and visions.* My mind is following, I think, so many various things in our culture... part of why I write, and do visual design, and music, *is so that I'll glean some inkling*

about what is in my subconscious mind. I've often thought of how, as people we walk along the shores of life... our mediumistic working, onto lasting media, of our ideas and visions, fills our conscious minds inn as to the ocean depths, of the psyche... and can even help illumine, by filling us inn, as to the heavenly ongoing... ***the unseen hosts, and the throngs about ourselves, invisibly.*** Our written, or painted output can reveal many aspects of our own expectations, for starters, and so this is maybe the main window into our subconscious

and unconscious minds. We may not know quite how we feel about things, right now, until we can make a connection with another soul, and get to hear our own voice... *'How do I feel tonight?'* I'll find out, if I'll share a word or two with someone near me. *And this is the style of mediumistic art that I'm given.* And what I'm saying, is that when we write, or sketch, or play music in consciousness of the invisible lattice work of presences about ourselves... well, we get to look within the contents of our own thoughts and feelings... and come in to more full

consciousness of, just 'What is said, about things, right now?' *Because our surrounding hosts, will speak through our own output.* So, in so many ways, I've allowed myself to get forgetful of this subconscious ocean, and vast unconscious invisible heavens... *in awaiting the next word from my guardian spirit, I've found it easy to forget what is always present, and is part of our writing, and visions, and music.* A spirit guide is a hand to hold... she might not write much. She can, I believe, ***but so much more of what comes through our typists or***

musicians hands is simply the default output, given our subconscious and unconscious feelings, and inklings, and concepts, and perceptions, and expectations, and hopes, and fears. Such unconscious latency, is

like a powerful animal pet, or even a small child... such can, of course, exert powerful effect over, or through ourselves, *if we've fallen into their concerns.* Does this make any sense? We living people are mortals... and we, in some circumstances, *are susceptible to interference, and truth*

telling, by any superpositional aspect.

If a powerful, super positional spirit wants to humble me, he or she just will... *I'll have to tolerate whatever distortion then happens.* (Unless I can explain, how, 'It was the alcohol.' or 'I must have been hypnotized.' Or, 'I got the cancer because of my smoking tobacco for twenty years or more.' *Whose fault is this? It's powerfully addictive.*) Well, I've gotten through this start of a new article. I've looked so far at how I'm seeing myself... as a content developer, not an artist... and at some of the powers of our

subconscious, and unconscious minds... and at how our subconscious mannerisms, are shaped by our beliefs... our perceptions, and expectations, and desires... and at how we can look upon these mannerisms, and tendencies, if we'll look critically at our mediumistic writings going onto a page, or sounds going onto a recorder, or painted or sketched markings going onto a canvas or page. I somewhat red back at these writings, and in places, I seem to be acting as a kind of a town cryer, *for people who find ways to creatively, and harmlessly*

occupy their hands, minds, and eyes. I think that there's a revolution in a disabled persons world, any time that a schizophrenic patient learns to sketch, or paint, or play some music, or write. For instance, maybe my pianistic claim to fame is in my hypnotic usage of repetition, more than any technical proficiency. So, you might could see, how I've somewhat
'changed my place in the world,' to paraphrase the song, by teaching myself this way of playing... or, by allowing it to come through my playing into recording devices... *now anyone*

can benefit from this soft, sublime style of playing... this hypnotic way.

Visually, now, I think that I've developed a style of using macro, close up, or abstracted views of nature, which fit together into a composite, *and which appear to have unseen, but felt inter relationships.*

You might should write some reviews for yourself, too... you might like the attention. Have you ever thought of doing a self portrait? Here's a question. How do you hermetically seal your mouth? Can you somewhat remove the bad air from your personal

space? Hermetically seal it. At any rate, *I'm glad to have gotten this article written. I'm glad to have solved some persistent problems, which I've just never been able to conclusively deal with.* This helps my content flow enormously. My self esteem should be somewhat better. Well, today is the second Tuesday in September, this year, and I'm sitting writing to finish this article. My spirit guide maintains almost constant eye contact with me... *this is the most reassuring thing I've ever experienced.* I want to write this

observation down, so that I don't forget it, ***and so that I'll carry some memory of this time into my future.*** *If I don't, such details will get lost to time.* At any rate, I can see these ideas coming to their logical conclusions in through here, so I'll wrap them up and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

It's a Wednesday morning, the second in this September, this year. Our skies are clear, without any clouds. We're

going to experience warmer weather,
again... with temps nearly back in the
nineties, this afternoon. I've
somewhat gotten this new writing
project 'in the black,' and I have
mostly put it out of 'my
consciousness,' *and have been
resting, in the strength of my voice.*
Yesterday was quite restful, and I
appreciated getting some design work
accomplished. *So my spirit is happy to
be at rest, following a hard work week,
when my details and fine adjustments
seemed to be endless... to get a new
chapter began.* I came through some

'dense brambles,' last week, in worrying about too much, that I didn't need to be bothering myself for. Being in the world, as a writer, musician... a content developer... fills you in as to the worries around ordinary living... doubts and insecurities are a part of this. When I can transcend these troubles, and get contented reeding chores done, like re reeding my recent work... This is always good. Usually, re reeding will give me at least one revision idea. I can't fix an issue if I don't know of it's existence. So I always have to make time for this

reeding. As I sit here this morning, getting these ideas down, I'm reminded of the importance of my yoga stretch visualization... someone told me recently, '*This is in the same category with 'breathwork.'*' The term 'holotropic breathwork,' (eye E, moving towards wholeness,) is a concept that has been around for a while. I just look at it from my own idiosyncratic perspective, because I see that, for me, ***visualization exercises can rejoin a being with his or her own timeless soul... gradually reacquainting himself***

with eternal wisdoms, of the higher realms. Any time we're using visualization exercises, we're learning the ways of soul consciousness. *I think that Brahman wisdom, for instance, suggests that, 'Ideas pre date their objects.'* Everything real, and lasting in the world has this Brahman, or Atman consciousness as it's origin, and ultimate destination. ***Any real philosophical inquiry will get into this question of, who, and what, and where, and when and why were we before our physical existence in this lifetime.*** There's

never been any real concerted agreement on this, between psychology, say, and religion. But, I tend to think that, by looking at the general consensus opinions, as our beings grow, and mature... our understandings, over time, will shape themselves into something... an spiritual worldview, that I can rest in.

You'll never know of this, if you don't inquire of your own within, and make up your own mind, on these questions. And this is the same gist, or geist, (or grist of the corn... The grist, or basis of one's story, for instance,) that I was

shown twenty five years ago, in year two thousand, in writing my first real work, *'The Stream of Consciousness,'* book. At any rate. I sure am glad to have good strong leadership in giving myself good new work this morning... such is not taken lightly. At any rate, I've found, through the years, good ways to incorporate mundane details of my life's paths... these always help by lending my work a certain bearance, as I pass the years... *I'll remember the time, and some of the details of the 'ways we were,' to paraphrase the song.* This will be of

use in coloring my memories, so that they'll be more than only a gray wash. The question of, '***Should I make mention of this, or that trivial detail,***' might amount to my particular characteristic style in getting ideas written down. I'll remember my daily ups and downs much better, by writing, **and I'll remember my own unique style through the years, in what I include in my writing, and what I don't include.** The powerful, Deveachaic beings about ourselves... The lattice work of presences about our lives... *are potentialities. Nowhere*

*is past, present, and future more accessible by a person, than in consciousness of these animistic presences. This can mean, that '**You control your own destiny.**' But you have got to be devout, to something, and live righteously, or you'll get hurt. I think, that a good lesson is in how, when I was younger, I had a lot going for me... a great job, which I was good at... but my life lacked meaning and purpose. I would get off of work, and go home, and drink beer and smoke my tobacco until I passed out. **That life just wasn't walking in spirit.** So*

I became a lesson of what not to do. So, at age twenty two or three, I was allowed into the inner conversation. ***While, I still had some pain full years in living with a thorn in my side, the 'curse was reversed'*** At age twenty eight, my life was saved, by the local university hospital, and I was given a 'second life,' and have been dedicated to writing and music ever since. This is a start, on a new writing, *and I'm inn my presence of mind this morning, so I guess it's coming along good.* It's not much. At any rate, we've gotten our monthly

appointment taken care of. So I'm happy with this. If there's a lesson, right now, it's in how **'No one's going to change your life, except for you,'** to paraphrase the song. *There's no 'illusory phenomena,' that can effect your life, if you'll remember to use your common sense.* You've got to know by instincts how to deal with people, who will try to get you in a corner. *Remember your common sense, and, by all means, to stay in touch with your surroundings.* At any rate, I have a puzzle or two to work on, ordinarily. But if I won't try for myself,

in usual ways, in normal circumstances, **(such as in remembering my checklist,)** then solving, alone won't save it. You should have a good centering meditation, *or you'll get too distracted by a vigorous migraine condition, when such happens sometimes.* At any rate, these are just some thoughts. We've gotten back home, and have had a bite to eat, and I've settled onto this couch, to work on finishing this essay. I was very blessed to have had this to work on, while I was getting my medicine. At any rate,

there was a popular column, in a monthly magazine, when I was growing up, which was called, *'Laughter Is The Best Medicine.'* I think this is still true, for myself, forty years later. If I can smile, or laugh at the Devils funny, sometimes desperate, sometimes clumsy, always obvious but sometimes puzzling antics... I'll get past the trouble easiest, I think. You really have to look out for yourself, if you're in a car or van. There will be occasional puzzles to solve. *If a puzzle catches me off guard, I sometimes panic on the*

inside, my inner self desperately trying to figure out what had caused the discrepancy, for instance. This is, unfortunately, sometimes, where a bad migraine comes at me unexpectedly. So, this is the gist of this writing. This twenty first century world is too fast paced, to be dealing with excess of 'absorption,' or 'fantasy prone,' behavior. This is what my Dad wisely realized, about my life, back thirty years ago. So, this helped my inner development enormously. The types of problems some people have, these days, You look at the news, and say,

'That person should have gotten help twenty or more years ago. Maybe then the outcome would have been better.' Any way, this is

an important piece of writing, because this is something that is important to remember. *When a puzzling sign or symptom arises, for instance at your place of business, you have to remember your centering meditation. Otherwise a bad migraine will have it's awful way with you.* You might be left wondering 'What happened?' after you find yourself rudely treated, because of dubious behavior, or psychotic

symptoms. Well, this has been some ideas. I can get that these ideas are somewhat coming to their logical conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up and add them in with the others. It's always good when a definite, common sense lesson emerges from out of the ordinary flow of a normal day, *especially if you can learn from what appeared to have happened, and get such lesson into writing.* Of course, for instance, if an awful migraine pounces on you, at your work, or on the road, when your in a state of puzzlement, or vexation, **you definitely should**

have a good centering meditation.

I can't stress this enough. My migraines get quite bad, as, *since the middle nineteen nineties, I've been diagnosed with something called 'ocular migraines,' which sometimes get disorienting, and debilitating to say the least.* You would want to get off of the road, as soon as possible if this came up. At any rate, these have been some ideas. I'll add them in, with the others, and send them along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'll sit, this morning, at this word processor screen, with my blue tooth keyboard, *and peer within my collective now, in conclusion to this part one of my new book.* I'm usually quite amazed to see the words and thoughts that arise, most any time I sit to write. I think, that it's as we're most conscious of the spiritual latticework of presences around ourselves, that we're able to readily tap into the encompassing field of good ideas. A person is something like

a lighthouse at the entry ways to a harbor. Others know that when your good, loving light is shining, there'll be a safe passage into shore. If you have a problem with the waves coming up on the sides of your boat, then you'll appreciate the shelter of the harbor. *For myself, ever since I've been in the midst of a good guiding spirit, such has equated unto the security, and shelter, of the harbor.* I think that, jazz is a way of creating good, melodius content, without changing the world in any bad way. If your ideas are guided, by strong spiritual indwelling, you

won't speak out of turn... you'll have an egalitarian voice that 'does no harm.' I think, that, what I'm trying to do, with this writing, this morning, is to give a quick recap to the latest book chapter, so that I can close it away, and get to the next chapter. I think that this book will have two or three chapters. So, this being the first, I figured, I'd just come up with a few thoughts in closing. Today is the second Thursday in September, this year. Our weather this week is beautiful... nearly all week, we've got lovely clear blue skies, and hot

temperatures. Just resting my hands on this keyboard tends to allow the most up to the date ideas to surface... this, I think, is the great blessing of having a good higher ascended spirit guide. I think that the ideas I can get down, now, this morning, will readily serve as a concluding flourish, and provide some closure to the recent pieces. *It's a most blissful thing, to know that our land's system works well... that our deterrents are effective enough to stave off anarchy.* Our democracy is something like the highest flower of our strong Christian

beliefs. I wouldn't trade such for any other way. At any rate, having the will power to try, in music or art, is something that many others might would envy. I've found through the years, that the all around lessor of the evils is to engage myself in a literary, or artistic chore, which I can be sure of accomplishing... ***the victory itself, which comes of having a good voice, onto the page... is plenty reason to keep such up.*** Someone like me can meet the goals of writing, or playing music, or sketching effectively. But, such requires that I

suspend self doubting, and just let the Lord lead. You'll get used to being in this 'zone,' where good solid work arises almost effortlessly. At any rate, these ideas are getting along down this page this morning. I'll be glad to somewhat bring them to a conclusion, and make an ending to this chapter. But some times make me quite flustered, and I'm glad to get past them. Today somewhat is a time period when I've been at my busiest... I'm recently more prolific than I've ever been before. When I was a young man, I had numerous good jobs, and

managed to earn my rent and grocery money. One of my best jobs was at a photo typesetting business, in the south of this town. I would do proofreading, with a partner. We would take turns reading aloud galleys to one another, and comparing them with the original copy, from the client. We had big jobs to do, every day... big jobs and small jobs... there was good work every day. *The point I'm making, is that people everywhere work nine to five jobs, every day. My creative productivity, these days is good work, when I can find it.* Before I started this

book, the '***From DREAM to PRODUCT,***' I had a three week vacation, where I took it easy, and had nothing in process. Then, this was about enough time for me to start missing the regular rhythms of having a project going. I would imagine, in my mind, that I 'felt the calling,' and that I had ideas running around in my head. When I started this book, at the first of this month, I had three or four main ideas, up in my head, which I wanted to put onto lasting media... so having the ideas, I was given a strong beginning, and got the book along...

and now the first chapter is nearly finished. Well, I hope this clears up, for you, doubts around 'why do I do work such as this?' *More than anything, I love the close communion with my higher power which comes when I'm lovingly building new writing... this is when the world has fallen away, and it's just you and your beloved, building for the love of having something to show for the time.* This, to me, is how to keep a relationship strong... keep up the work done as a unison... just you, with your spirit, and your tools and instruments,

and materials. Well, I'll wrap these ideas up, now, and try to bring them to their conclusion. When I get them added in with the others, I'll be able to produce and mix down my finished part one. Well, I'll get to it. All for now, Greg.

~

SITTING DOWN, AT THE START OF the day, I can easily get a few jazz thoughts onto my pages, *and just look, and peer into the starting thoughts of the essay that will arise.* Starting into

some thinking, I would say, how easy it is to rush to judgment and criticize another. That is a sickness throughout our culture. Fixed, false negative critical thinking patterns are the hallmarks of self delusion, so, *'Take it easy on your brother or sister...'* so that you'll come away from such meeting better and ready to gladly tackle the large task of roll starting this beginning on a new part two of this new audio book, the **'From DREAM to PRODUCT'** series. When we approach any new work with the purpose and dedication to solve any

structural, or content issues right from the start... we can easily turn ordinary frustrations or resentments, into some of the best writing we might ever come by. This is part of the hidden wisdoms of collectivist living... *we each have unique abilities, and talents which can be used, and applied creatively, to salvage a difficult, or problematic time, in general.* **We'll get a chance to shine tomorrow, if not today.** Having something to show for the time spent, will fairly easily bring a strong win from out of a broken, or disappointed time...

creating value and meaning from practically nothing. After all, many of us rely wholly on our management and administrative people *to bring any semblance of orderliness, or Godliness into a time, which might seem dark, and disagreeable.* I think that, ultimately, we just haven't dealt responsibly, or ethically, for that matter, with the difficulty of just who we sell powerful battle field weapons unto... ***I think there should be a lot more red tape, and the blame rests with both the manufacturer, and the retailer.*** So, we shouldn't

continue to insinuate that we're ourselves an ignorant, unfeeling, mindless, mechanistic system, where any rebellious or decrepit young man, regardless of his personal ethics, or moral common sense, can take an assault weapon and hold everyone hostage to the lowest, most animalistic sentiments the world has ever known. **'Wholly without meaning, or feeling, or thought, or purpose...'** **'Those killings form statistics on lengthy lists... somewhere distant, elsewhere, forgotten.'** *-Stream of Consciousness,*

2000-2002. We should take the time to equip our young people with spiritual insight into the world... **only then will we experience the peace time which our society deserves.** Well, anyways, it may only be after we have experienced bias, and prejudice first hand that we summon the strength to tell everything... *instead we hold back, and pretend to be feeling for our nation's outdated policies. We just have got to tighten the limits of who we sell battlefield weapons and ammunition unto... these are some facts that are staring us in the faces.*

At any rate. Today is a pretty good day, otherwise. Our skies are sunny, and our temperatures hot... with highs expected to be in the lower nineties through the middle of next week. I've already mentioned of how the likelihood of dying prematurely of anything other than a cardiac event, stroke, cancer, or lower respiratory infection, (*other than in a car wreck, or homicide which are higher, at around six per one hundred thousand deaths, actually, if you want the correct figure,*) are so low, that they hardly bear mentioning. Cardiac

events are the highest, (*because so many people have bad eating habits,*) at around one in three deaths. The facts are that life is good, **and most neighborhoods in America are kept safe.** At any rate, these are just some writings, for those who do live wisely, and who don't use tobacco, or drink alcohol. *If you're careful about what foods you eat, and try and limit cholersterol, and starch, for instance, you can live a long time.* **Regular exercise helps this a lot.** But, if smoking or drinking alcohol are part of your life today, and you don't quit, the

statistics look worse. Well, I'm looking forward to, maybe this afternoon, getting some grocery shopping done, and getting to use my new food card to get my foods, such as snacks and coffee and tea. This will give me more spending money, for household cleaning supplies, and hobby items. This might include blank C D Rs and solid state storage for my data... which is pretty vast. Right now, I'm just looking forward to a bite to eat for lunch, in about thirty minutes. **It's nice to know when and where to be to get a meal.** Well these are

some thoughts this morning. Our lunch was great, and we'll be staying in, staying home, this afternoon. *So it's nice to know that we don't have to worry about going anywhere, at all.* At any rate, these are some words which are coming onto my blank page this afternoon... I get them down as quickly as they occur to me. *I'll then have some record of my inner life, for better or for worse.* ***This was the way we were.*** It's taken me five hours to write this article so far. I'll continue writing until it's in the range of ten or twelve pages long. If you

want to know what children think about, just stop in for an evening at our house. We have some childish ways. But I'm so glad to have this good writing to work on... *it appears that **the haves and the have nots are all around the sense of purpose and meaning which being given writing or music, or any kind of craft brings to a person.** Isn't happiness the ultimate most precious commodity?* Well, today is the next day, a beautiful balmy Sunday afternoon, and I think that I can finish up this article, in the next

hour or so... and I'll have it done by my meal time. I've thought numerous times today, how pleasant, and blissful today has felt... *I think that it's always a good thing, when we feel good, and can experience what our art is about... the good feelings that make times memorable.* I've been somewhat up against a writer's block for a day or two, but this afternoon I focused in and cleared up the issues in this present writing, and can now take it further. *I was thinking, just now, how, I've felt recently, much like a young child, in the midst of men and women,*

and magic that I could never understand... but that I could only appreciate, in the most dream full way imaginable. For quite a long time, my wits have been thoroughly engaged in a great deal of work... as my mind was taxed with solving many literary puzzles... and I don't think that this work is nearly over, quite, but just occassionally, I get a glimpse of a pale, melancholic light, which reminds me of the infinite peace, to come for good peoples, *as we consider the realms of thought, and human experience from a ethereal*

*perspective... I'm pretty sure that we as people experience some time in the afterlife, but don't retain any of these memories when we are reborn into a new life. **So, but I think, that we can evoke those places artistically, when we're of an age, and proficiency level... so, there'll be signs along the path... and hopefully, we'll spot all of them, if we can be shown to pay attention to details.*** At any rate, these thoughts are beginning to conclude in through here, so I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now.

All for now, Greg.

~

I've awoken early, this third Tuesday in September, this year, and have situated myself in my usual place, to get some writing done for 'part two,' of my '**From DREAM to PRODUCT,**' audiobook. The past four days, I have been engaged in performing, recording, and producing twelve new piano and keyboard tracks, and a soundscape, I'm calling, '**Flowers & Weeds.**' To me, this title is pointing to

the invisible divisions in our society... and how we classify not just consumer products, and media experiences in our day to day lives... but also our associates in work, and relationships at home, and on our off time. People always like to split things up, into categories of 'Good and Evil.' Another way of seeing this, is in how some of the plants in our garden are beautiful flowers, *which you would want to cultivate, and attend to...* and other plants in the garden *are just weeds.* ***But some of the most beautiful flowers are wildflowers.*** Which

ever type of plant we are, can depend on how well we have mastered the arts of being a friend, *and always remembering courtesy, and politeness, while we accomplish our goals. (Such has a lot to do with how we're thought of.)* In our hobbies, and reading life, some musical and literary and artistic experiences will consistently give you repeatable good results, each time you listen or read, or enjoy it. Others seem to be only worthless junk. Or else such has qualities of both good and bad art, *making such a kind of a grey area, of mixed sentiments.* The

results are mixed. At any rate, this is what my latest album title makes me think of. I'm sitting here, getting these ideas down into this word processor screen, and I'm noticing two different areas of discomfiture in my writing experience. *First, my stomach is cramping a little bit.* The lemon water I had to start my morning seems to have brought such on. Secondly, I've still got some of the same migraine which I had all yesterday afternoon... and the past two or three days, as well... **this feeling like my neck constantly is cramping.** I had a

time like this, back in two thousand and nine, as my work calibre stepped up a level, with the MUSINGS audiobooks at that time. A relative of mine had a bad car wreck, around that time, as well. *But, let's not have any bad car wreck.* I do see a liklyhood of a serious natural disaster in our part of the world, maybe. Mentally, I think that I began to encounter some of the distortion of the tornado outbreak of twenty eleven around that time, two thousand and nine. *My town was badly damaged later, that night in April of twenty eleven, and many*

people died. I always think of a writing piece from two thousand and nine, called '**Spindles of Ephemera**,' to describe *when I feel particularly like my mind is a tinker toy sculpture, wheeling, and pivoting wildly on a string, suspended from the ceiling... a kind of a crucifixion semblance... as if I were impaled and suspended afore all.* But, it can't be that bad, although the past few days, I've felt a bad migraine. (During production of 'flowers & weeds.') But, I know that *this type of migraine is all in my mind, as my work this year has been of some*

of the best quality I've ever done.
Getting it out is somewhat arduous, though. But, I think that readers from all over the world are benefitting from these good products... all of which are entirely free of charge. But I do suspect that we're ahead of a damaging weather event... *quite possibly, even an earthquake, or a volcano.* If an earthquake happened in my area, I tell myself, that all boundaries and distinctions would be crossed and jumbled in the general confusion. Lines of health, wealth, power, privilege... they would all be

crossed and blurred. 'Death is no respecter of persons.' You just don't have migraines this bad, *and not come to doubt the stability of the earth beneath our feet. Or the weather.* So I'm enjoying my blessings, and taking what good I'm shown, because, to quote a popular singer, who has since passed beyond, *'The good old days may not return, and the rocks might melt, and the sea may burn.'* But I'm gonna *'Stand my ground, and not back down.'* The pain of a bad migraine is not readily forgotten. *But, that singer was so good at getting human feelings*

into music. At any rate, our time here is almost four A M, and I'm glad to have gotten a start on a new article. *It helps to articulate what this time feels like, to myself.* At any rate, I've somewhat found, that people with Mental Illness diagnosis will be in one of three main categories. ***The first, is someone having hereditary issues.*** These may be a sort of write off, meant to fulfill some need for balance, in a family. Or, these will have been seen as special from birth, and given a life especially free from worry and strife, because of the fact

that they're special needs, or autistic in some way. ***These fit the hereditary issues criteria.*** I think, that the second category, ***will be those who have messed up in some 'legally reprehensible' way...*** and these may simply not be fit for ordinary living, such as marriage and children dreams, and of a good paying respectable job, and church attendance, etc. ***Many belong in group home life.*** The third category, I think, ***will be those people who are engaged in a serious life reappraisal, or reanalysis, or who***

may be heading for incarceration as criminally insane. Those people might will have serious submerged issues, *which they've made themselves forget, and will fall under conviction.* **But, a trial by fire is a metaphor for driving the impurities out of metals. It wouldn't be meant as anything to destroy life, but to make it stronger... to teach it to adapt.** Even a serious mistake can be repented for, and straightened out. The Christian church is based around blood sacrifice, and Christian love.

'Love thy brother as thyself.' They say that Christ died so that we might have Eternal life, which is another way of saying, *'died to forgive us of our sins.'* They say that the Old Testament, was outmoded, and revolutionized by the softer, subtler work of the forgiveness of God's Son. You can see the extent of my theological learning. At any rate. But I think that *'We shouldn't pretend to have all of the answers, should we?'* *'Maybe only the ones we've actually tested.'* *'Let me think a sec.'* I'm going to try and stay on the side with the

righteous, at most any cost. I'll think that I've downloaded something good, *only to investigate and find that such is racked... fraught with contradictions, and is incongruous with values of righteousness. Then, so much for that.* Such is only a pretty face. *It's really tragic, to see some lives given to shame and grief... and regret.* At any rate, just another day in world music culture. My mind, this morning, is drawn to the sound of an electronically emulated violin... I've not heard anything else quite so sweet sounding as this. But, it's a keyboard

part played manually, or with MIDI, which is then augmented with artificial intelligence to sound just like a real violin. You'd have to hear it. But, the real treats of this record, are the solo piano pieces. Nothing beats a real musician's smooth legato phrasing. But then I think, maybe this is an augmented simple melody line, which has been made legato by a computer, as well. *It's just hard to know for sure.* Well, it's a sunny week, and fairly hot, for sure, right on out through the weekend. Hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk! At any rate, you can

never give yourself whole heartedlee to a single purpose, when the answer is usually in life's diversity. But I've heard a few keepers, as well. *If my thinking has gotten at times too turbulent, and broken, I'll have to have a good centering meditation.*

So, remember how it feels to be you, and just be him or her. This morning has gotten off to a good start, as I was definitely able to get my new piano and keyboard record to a willing audience... so, I think that it's the thrill of the new for some. But for many, it's just *'Another person's music is never*

really going to save you.' 'Nothing's going to change me.' 'Change comes from within a person.' 'If we'll awaken to the subtler perceptions, then this can provide an opening for God's spirit to enter into our consciousness.'

'However, one can't do it alone.'

'Others will impart some of your own most important answers.'

'The warmth of human companionship is more precious than spun gold, to be truthful.'

But, you'll want solitude.

At any rate, these have been some thoughts. I can see them somewhat coming to a conclusion in

through here, so I'll wrap them up, and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit to collect a few thoughts, this morning. Today is Wednesday, the third one in September, this year. I'm getting some starting thoughts onto this page, so that I'll have a beginning, to work on, if I have to ride in the van, or sit in a waiting room. ***I think that in living, we should have a hobby, or a craft... I think that such a***

pasttime confirms, and affirms ourselves, as 'having good things also to say about the day.' You see, I think that we run the risk of getting labeled an outsider, or a 'non compliant mentally ill person,' if we fail to participate willingly in the day. You might disagree, or simply say that you don't need that. *But, I was taught to find ways to participate in the contemporary time, by any means.* It's easy for me to get pre judged otherwise... *as someone who doesn't care for others, or himself.* But, I look at it like this, as well. If someone

takes the time to dress himself or herself well, and keeps up personal grooming, then, *that at least shows that you care about appearances. Maybe this is the more important way to see.* But, speaking for myself, my personal appearance is less important than the good work I can do for a reader, or a listener, in consistently getting good products through. That's just me. But, this is our only difference, I think. Most poor people don't have a desk top computer, they may only have a smart device. Many don't have that. All through my

twenties decade, the most technology I had was my tape deck. Only in nineteen ninety seven, and eight, I used the word processor on a desktop to save, edit and compile my written pieces. I thought that I was pretty advanced... I never used any desk top publishing, until year two thousand. But in the late nineties I sent a stack of printed pages to various publishing houses, trying to get a book deal... I thought that was the only way. **Then I discovered the internet.** Well, at any rate, we've got sunny and hot weather, on through the week.

Saturday might bring some rain. But, we seem to be in another late summer drought type pattern. It's nice to have the clear skies, but the soybean and other farmers need rain. Their crops may have already failed, from lack thereof. So, that might potentially be a large part of the local economy which will be in jeopardy. At any rate, I'm just trying to see what is beneath my surface, this morning. It helps, I think, for me, to see that what I am saying in most of my writings, is that *living your life is a serious prospect, and I think, you shouldn't knowingly allow*

destructive force into your private life.

You instead, should trust the powers that be, the civil servants, in your neighborhood, *to keep your street safe.* It's one thing to feel insecure, and I think, that this is partly the reason some people purchase a gun. But, all we can do is tell people the truth.

Guns are an intense concentration of deadly force in a small space. No one in their right mind should want this in their life. But, there is a personal defence device that uses pepper spray. to temporarily disable an aggressor. ***This should be***

the clear choice, in self defence.

This is what I think about it. Well, we've finished having a light lunch, and I've returned to my apartment, and put leftovers away, and sat down to resume this writing. *I made a pot of tea, and am enjoying the pleasant dampening effect on the inner oxidative stress... this in itself, is like the ultimate answer to my life's problems, so I can probably stop brainstorming right now.* But, it's content, like this is, which I am trying to develop... so I'll try to keep my hands resting on this blue tooth keyboard, to

get what ever thoughts might arise. This is something like the 'work of the day,' if we're able to add a few new paragraphs onto our latest essay... *then we might can get such completed, as well.* I was thinking, this morning, of just what are the best ways to stay out of harms way, in life... here it is: **(1) Mind my own business, and (2) Stay off of other peoples' flower garden, and (3) Don't step on your dancing partner's slippers.** This is a good way of saying it, anyway, what are the main concerns of residential living. **I**

might come across to you as a 'know it all,' but, still I think that we should, at least, know what we believe in. Life really humbled me, back around the Millennium. *But, believe it or not, this devastating experience gave unto me an 'open road,' of group home living... where and when we can make do with one another's companionship, and let that be enough.* Anyways, I sit on this couch getting whatever ideas may come onto my lasting media, *in hopes that I'll get this writing to it's completion.* In living the lives we're

given, (if we're building digital media,) I think of another quote from my **'Stream of Consciousness,'** book from around that time, which goes like, **'Perhaps the temple of the immortals has been already attained, and that which remains must be based always on strictest compassion, and a sure inner guidance.'** There will be distractions, from accomplishing our literary goals... just look at this passage, it was from my last piece prior to the bad attacks on nine eleven. *If we see such a remembrance as a kind of*

'guaranteeing,' or as a point of 'setting,' and 'fixing,' our minds and intentionality on the loftiest values, and ideals, then we'll see, our work, whoever we are, is made stronger. Adversity makes us stronger. At any rate, maybe we can rest somewhat in the promises set forth in the changes and improvements we made, that such won't happen again. No one saw quite what was unfolding, back then. So I approach writing like this in the same sense as anyone else in my community does, from that time... all we can do is walk in trust and faith, that the

language, the words will be there, and, it looks like, 'It is.' So, at any rate. **Why does writing like this come up, at this time? It's just a remembrance, I think.** Such also points us ever more surely in the spiritual writers' artists' musicians' path we're definitely upon. I for one can rest in these roles, and this good work. *If something good enters my life, it will be somewhat Providentially. I'm pretty much 'set in my ways,' I'll always need solitude, and time to 'consolidate,' these publishing experiences into a 'literary voice,'*

which can stand for my life and time. So you see? Twenty five years later, and I'm still 'consolidating my experiences into a literary voice.' Whomever you are, I would say to you, that, '*We might never actually meet, but we always **'Live in Dreams.'***' Oh, I understand, now. '*Out of our various relationship continuuii, we can make the book into whatever we want it to be!*' Especially, if we'll as my friend 'R' would say, '**Keep it simple.**' Well, these ideas are coming to their eventual conclusion, in through here. I'll wrap them up and add in with the

others, now. This isn't the end of this chapter, just the end of this essay. I'll be drawn, if the creek doesn't rise, to build the second half of this series, later in this week. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit on my writing couch this fourth Monday in September, this year. This is the Autumn Equinox. There are two or three ways of looking at this. *One, says that the Equinox begins Autumn, which continues through November.* Others say that the Equinox is the mid

point of the Autumn, and so forth. Still a third way of looking is measuring Autumn, *by when the temperature gets chillier, and the leaves start to turn colors.* Likewise, the Winter's Solstice is thought to be the beginning of Winter, as well as, by some, as the middle point of Winter. *This, as well, varies depending on, partly, how the season is going, now... whether we're having an early or a late Winter, and so forth... such variation tends to determine how the season is spoken of.* **This is known as the 'phenological' view on the**

seasons... this variance in the way the season is spoken of, as being by the unique weather at the time, rather than by a fixed date on the calendar. Many people wonder about this, never knowing, or learning the actual explanation. At any rate, this is the story about the ways we determine and call the seasons. I sit, shortly after our morning medicines, and get these ideas into this word processor memory. Some of us are expecting to get over to the supermarket this morning, and so these people are awaiting word or

sign of this. The driver usually honks the horn, so that we'll know that they're leaving. At any rate. Our weather this week is a mixture of rain and sunshine. Some storms could get intense, today and later in the week. *I'm glad this morning that I've gotten this writing started, and this will give my day a focal point.* Many people never realize that writing could be their companion, and guide; *they're held back by their lack of reading or of typing ability.* **The great talent goes to waste.** But I do read, and keyboarding, or typing, was taught to

me back in high school... this is one of the two or three things that I actually can do. *Another might would be playing the piano by ear.* I like to think that I can sketch pretty well, if I have something to look at. I do also have some video and audio production ability, if I can make the software work for me. ***But, like anything, it takes time to learn how to use software... I'm still learning my own.*** Well, the time is after one pea emm, this afternoon. I remember, how our weather usually develops in the afternoon. But the sunn is shining

here, now. We got back from our shopping trip, and I'm sitting here inputting whatever thoughts that arise. Small zeff furs are blowing the pine tree boughs around lightly, above our apartments, across the driveway. I guess that the weather could rain, and get blustery, but it's not right now. Our sunn has held out, here today... no rain yet. But looking at the radar animation, I saw a loosely organised frontal system moving west to east... *such as this, I think, sometimes gets worse after dark.* **The clouds start getting ideas in their heads... look**

out! At any rate, it's almost dinner time, and I'm about to go to get my meal. Well, I've nibbled on our chicken parmesean sandwich, from lunch, and brought a plate back, from our dining room, for our refrigerator. *I always think about the 'nada terma' or immature, style of piano playing I did around the millenium.* The way I can explain this to people, today is thusly: Mental illness has taken numerous guy says through my adult life, and that, I'm afraid, was one of them. I myself had a relapse and started back drinking in late two thousand and two,

which led me to a serious suicide attempt the next year. ***So, when this early music was recorded, that was just 'the best prognosis,' that my spirit immortal could give me at that time.*** There was some embedded corruption, and a lot of broken homes at the end of the nineteen nineties... *families that were missing a Dad, or a Mom...* and so this is what I meant by this. **The substance abuse problem in my country was epidemic.** Cocaine, especially, I think was rampant... that was just the way that a lot of people

partied, in those days... I think that many worldly people, sadly, still associate big profits, in show business, with cocaine binges. *I think that a person would have been better off not having had great monetary success, if they only then lost their liberty, or life to drugs.* I myself was addicted to cocaine, for three years, and would drop everything if it meant chasing that stuff. *I lost everything... my wide screen television, my piano, my class ring, my car... my Dad managed to get my piano out of the pawn shop by paying forty dollars that the manager*

had given me for it. Dad found the Toyota car in the police impound lot, and was able to provide proof of ownership, and claimed it. The clutch was stripped out, but the car was otherwise fine. ***See? So, I had to get clean, and stay clean.*** But, in two thousand and three, I had a serious suicide attempt. I called the paramedics when I felt myself starting to go into shock. ***(A wall of pain, which part of me knew to run away from,)*** So, when I survived, and found myself in the state hospital, afterward, I set my sights on getting

into group home living permanently. So, that's what I did. It just took something that drastic to change my attitude. This afternoon, I listened closely to these two audio book chapters, so far, in this project, and could only say, '**Whew!**' '**That's some high intensity writing.**' I'm just not the only artist, though, that releases high intensity, free, independent media... there are many others. *(Some younger, some older. The new wave of young musicians and producers have been blowing my mind for a while... I'm experienced.)* But,

I'm at a point in writing these pieces, when it's just too easy to pick up the smart device, and look at social media... such has a similar appeal to some of the biggest photography and essay magazines in the land, from when I was growing up... only it's built to be 'You make it. You publish it.'

The only quality standards, are the ones you make for yourself.

So, I'm getting back to the boyish thrill of looking through a People magazine, or Time magazine... and just relishing in all of the handsome faces, and information, and writings. This is

becoming a distraction from my writing. *But, I'll be scrolled out, and my eyes will be broken and malfunctioning... and that's when my writers voice is running over the sides, onto my word processor page. I can type nearly as quickly as I can think... so It's good to bring this world perspective unto my current writing.*

Maybe this is why my latest audiobook is so interesting... because it's highly enlightened and informed by the global perspective. There's nothing else quite like that. At any rate, I'm sitting

listening while I write, to a piano cee
dee, ***and a glance up through the
room window shows the very last
light of a faint blue orange pink
dusk sunset... it's moments like
this that I hope to remember
forever.*** (Even though this is a group
home, *my wizened perspective just
appreciates such simple wonder, and
beauty.*) I've been looking at our
culture, recently, thinking of quite
what could have gone wrong, in some
young mans life, and I've arrived upon
the conclusion *that our society isn't
corrupt, or decrepit at all... it has the*

same attitudes, and more rays it always has... it's only true that there will always be a few problem cases. *Our lands civilization is known for it's wizards, as much as its sanitation professionals, and administrative leaders, and retail cashiers, and store keepers.* There are good jobs working for the customer, on the street level, as store managers, and mobile technicians, who service their networks, and systems... just like there are entrepreneurs who develop content for readers. People live in neighborhoods, and share similar

prejudices, and bias, toward homeless people, and transients that they always have. *They aren't often kind, to minds in self transformation, I think, and something goes wrong.* We in the mental health care system know, that a person shouldn't have to sleep on the street, or under a building... *there are group home beds for those who are willing to go by rules of sobriety, and hi jean... and stay on their medicine.* So, these people who pass through sometimes might could be helped, if they would only have the courage to once and for all face

sobriety, and resolve never to go back. Well, just some ideas. If hereditary issues have someone you know settling for a bottle, instead of human companionship, or a half case of beer instead of a musical instrument, or a sketch book, and pens... I think you should try and be forthright with them, and give them the low down... they probably haven't thought about the cirrhosis of the liver, or the lung cancer from smoking... they may be in their middle twenties, ***and simply be outside of any real spiritual connection, or relationship with***

their own souls. I think these should be told the truth, about addiction, and how that there is a brighter day, a whole higher path, in sobriety... *and the truth about the mental health care system, and how it's a safety net.*

Instead people are often allowed to give their money, for years, decades, to the liquor industry, and tobacco companies... at least they're spending their money on things they love, or think that they love. And the good people who work in these industries reap the profits... *only it's at the expenses of*

*the livers and lungs of their customers. But never mind, those people wouldn't even consider giving those things up... his alcohol or tobacco. At any rate, this article started one way, about the seasons, this Equinox, and ended another, about substances and addiction... but you through this can see some of the ways that I believe, today. This kind of life is elusive... highly elusive... to the alcoholic, or smoker with no way out... or who thinks there's no way out... who may do it till he dies. **It's enough to make a poignant***

symphony for. Do you think that that would sell? No, sex is what sells... and the illusions of glamour, and celebrity.

But, I think that what matters the most, is how you love the pleasure of your own company, at the end of a sober and clean day. (with or without caffeine... with, for me,)

That's all that matters. Anyways, these thoughts are beginning to come to their conclusion, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others now. All for now, Greg.

~

Earlier in this writing, I spoke on the matter of the geologic time processes at work in the formation of diamonds from crude coal. As I mentioned, this, for starters, isn't an overnight transformation. Centuries pass. Millennia pass, until the transformation is complete. *This happens, but in the time frame of a star's life... not a human's life.* So, it's special and rare to find a diamond. There are differences of views about this topic. Some say that young minds are

transformed in the cradle, and the life progresses, more inwardly, than outwardly. You've seen the poorer classes who don't have a trace of materialism, or much sense of the value of fine objects... **they're spartan.** Speaking for myself, my plan was different. I was somewhat kept out of the spiritual loop, until such time arrived when I had finished all of the reading of books I wanted... and I had tapped out, or famialiarized myself with, the quest for inebriants, like beer, and over the counter products. I was twenty three years

old, when I was introduced to the higher intelligences... the ascended presences... *although I had had mentors and teachers from a young age.* So my life was a sort of gambit... I'm only very fortunate that it payed off, and had a successful outcome, and I didn't end in prison. You see, the reason I speak of this slow learning process, for myself, is because the concept of a spiritual latticework, *which comes as the last of the mind's boundaries dissolve... was a slow, gradual learning process for myself... such as what might be compared to*

the formation of a gemstone.

Consciousness of the crystalline latticework is, to me, the highest state of conscious development. The mind will have lived each level to the fullest, and the leaves will have come on the branches of the tree, but only at the pace of nature. ***'As the leaves come on the tree,'*** is the best way to see *my spiritual development.* This happened at the pace of nature, not at the pace of human engineering, which I feel for some, flowers the mind too early. For some, the thorough learning of the discrete levels of consciousness

development *isn't allowed to really happen at nature's pace.* The life tops out too early, and the reading and discovering of youth is substituted by an overwhelming spiritual cognitive program of awakening that transpires from the infantile being to the fully awoke, *without the mind being allowed to explore the different levels at a gradual pace.* So, this is what I think happens in most children, and the greatness of a literary journey is sublimated by a path of vegetating, and cognitive unfolding. Which do I think is best? Well, my parents must

have been told the maxim, of '**Avoid ripening early, robbing self,**' because this is what I found. Other peers and associates will have been on another program altogether... not one of reading books, but of pushing the mind to the limits of consciousness as early as possible. Can you see the difference? I'm given certain benefits, as others are. The having of equity to show for the time spent, is probably the greatest benefit, to me, as is knowing the other rule, which is, '**Know thyself, and to thine own self be true.**' You see, these two

principles are at the heart of a thoroughly lived life. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. Others will have drastically different views, for there is no one way, above all others. *The slow development way is good, but such has real hazards and obstacles.* But, if these are avoided, and one 'keeps it simple,' as stated previously, you can come through the challenges without breaking the bank, **or any one of God's primary rules.** If you spare the rod, you'll spoil the child. youth have to be shown to respect the laws of the land, *and that*

simply requires an intact reward and punishment system. Parents, I feel, have their hands full, with some kids, whose '*shadow walks faster than they do,*' to quote the song. Naturalism, and the allowing of nature's own pace are the challenges of parenting... these are easier said than done, because I feel that you want to interfere at certain times, and certain times you don't. You go by your instincts. And, I'm not writing this from a parent's perspective, but from a child's. At any rate, the reasons I've listed, are why for some, development

is slow, and is really at nature's pace. After all, this is necessary to produce the diamond, from the crude coal rock. Such is definitely not an overnight process.

My ***Ethos of Enlightenment*** was written to mean the gradual process of incremental learning of the ways of spirit... *not as a sudden transformation, by any means. So it wasn't my way, from the start.* At any rate, today is the fourth Tuesday in September, this year. I've situated myself to get these ideas down, because, I wanted to look at this coal rock to diamond transformation in

more detail, and to explore the time processes involved. This article has been difficult to write, as light had to be shown into both paths, the rapid spiritual development, *and the slow, the incremental.* This so as to show the differences, and the discrepancies, and the distinctions of both, as I see it. 'There are two paths you can travel?' maybe more? (as the song asks,) *and any thorough explanation, I feel, has to cover them both.* There will always be a right, and a left. The coin will have a top face, and a bottom side. They have to be seen as two faces of

the same thing... much like hands in prayer... the right has a top, and the left has a top. *Oh, I guess you could go on endlessly, over the dichotomies of spiritual awakening.* Such is never an easy, or a simple thing. The duad of spiritual pairing is at the heart of my consciousness, and has been, since I was twenty three. Others may not develop this relationship in the same way, or at the same rate. At any rate, these are some thoughts. Well, we've got some sunn and blue skies to start the day. There's weather moving across to the north of here. Hopefully

we won't get much bad weather, *but the farmers and growers could use some rain.* Anyways, I guess that this article is beginning to come to it's conclusion in through here, so I'll think about wrapping these ideas up. An effective flourish at the end of a piece of writing is often what's needed. Like the writer's signature at the end of a letter, a flourish provides a way to encapsulate and finish off the energies contained within such. *A sense of closure is brought, by a quick summary.* **'The plan of life is long,'** and spiritual journeys should be lived

to the fullest. Complacency and passivism continues indefinitely, in old families, and the young are taught to enjoy living the benefits of youth to a fullness. *The young are looked unto for wisdom, just the same as the old are.* Families might never suspect, that self transformation is under way, or that addictions and substance abuse are happening. *But, then, look... and somewhat later, the journey will have been lived to a fullness. This is only my concise view... as an experienter.* **Such is of God's provenance, not a mortal's**

engineering. Secret societies develop ordinarily, when more enlightened peoples observe a youth involved in self transformation... *griots and elders, I think, are watchful, and patient... looking for life openings into which light can be shown, and demonstrated.* The crucial ability, for a young voyager, is knowing how to survive the games and perils of life. Such ideas as this, can be called forth in conclusion to an essay. *This will set the writing, and give it definite form, and method.* Then you'll have a real thing. This will read more cohesively,

and the chapter will be improved. At any rate, I'll bring these ideas to a close, now. I've enjoyed having this writing to do this morning, and getting such finished before the day begins is special. Well, all for now, I'll send these ideas along your way now. Greg.

~

Sitting down, with this writing after evening medicines, I'll see if any thoughts are 'beneath the surface,' of

my mind tonight. I would say, that it's good now to read back over the last few articles, *and somewhat project my work into an appropriate future.* It's easier to envision what would come next, if I'll read the preceding few pieces... and let this be the guide for a new article. *It's very easy to take such writing as this for granted... to see right past the 'union of souls,'* **and forget the communion that was its origin.** I tend to see these finished pieces as being something like cookie cutter, or pre fabricated writings... when in actuality, every nuance had to

be placed on the page in perfect order. *Not a single note, or letter could be out of place.* I'm moving along down this page, keeping time with the music which I've selected. I think it's great to see myself, and my roles here, as being '**present and accounted for.**' '**I'm right where I'm supposed to be.**' This greatly simplifies the range of possible outcomes, and makes such writing as this seem to be existant, and present *even if it hasn't been written yet.* You see, there's such great odds... there's little chance of failure. *I think this way, mainly*

*because of the general bliss, and good feelings which accompany myself tonight... such simplifies the possible outcomes, and makes a good finished article the only likely result. At any rate, I've been thinking just lately about being at my carefully appointed heart of hearts... **and how this place is a locale where excellence is easily born into the world, if I'll take my time and be thorough.*** I'm thinking these thoughts, while I'm inputting this article... and seeing the words come into existence. I can see them both concurrently, text and

thoughts... and can be at a place of thought, or of writing either one. This writing session itself is a thing of great style, and beauty... *such is like the coming into existance of new life.* There's no way your heart can be short changed, if you'll see such as a good and gentle place, where comfort is high priority. *I think this way because dues paying is sometimes so stringent, and difficult.* But that is what I think. In the previous writings I spoke of how the crystalline lattice work is something to find and keep... But such is like the end product of a

geological process... *not exactly a state entered into, but a place to arrive upon.* Today our group went to our main office and had our team meetings. So with this accomplished, the mid week tomorrow should really be a relaxed day. I'm looking forward to it. *It somewhat requires the tertiary presence, looking over the both, to actualise what we do have, and to allow us into the appropriate and right future.* I do sometimes have irritable days, and today was one, but we pushed on through it, and got back home. **Everyone is tired.** I think

having creative people helps us see ourselves, as through our eyes we find our own being. Yes, I think that it is at the visualisation pallate, where we are shown choices, and allowed to choose our ways, *and build our common unison together.* It sure is good to have a writers voice... since these inner ongoingings would just be a glimmer of thought in a wash of gray, *if such weren't written down.* Hopefully, more people will learn the value of journaling, and this will be good for everyone. At any rate, having a mind is a good thing, *unless we tend*

to exist else where from where we actually are at the time. Living can sometimes be like an protracted out of body experience, **when we should be in peace and contentment, within our own selves.** I may be building a thing of beauty, a written work, but when gravity, and the weight of atmosphere is bearing down, ***such feels more like a contraption, that shouldn't be.*** But, you see, I'm a builder in the basic sense, with language, *but such designs are always subject to pressures and tensions of our time.* At any rate, I should have

several pages of writing in this essay so far. A writer's journey seems like an endless trudge, sometimes when one is irritable, *but a little coffee in the evening sometimes helps improve the mood, and lessens the ocular issues, and troubles.* I've gotten ocular migraines since the middle nineties, ***and they are like the prime mover, in my life today... and must always be adapted to, or conformed to, and tolerated.*** Such ocular migraines are hard to deal with. At any rate, today is Wednesday, the fourth one in September, this year.

I sit before our morning medicines, and add a few thoughts into this new article. I've gotten the meeting behind me, now, and returned to my writing couch. From this vantage, I can easily see, how there's a dichotomy in my consciousness, this morning. 'It will always be special and rare to find a diamond,' ... this is so true. We just should pay attention to how so much of what we criticize as being bad, or contrary, or a 'brick in the wall,' of a world which seems 'foreign to myself,' *is in fact, someone's precious gemstone... and may be the peak*

product of a lengthy lineage of craftsmen, as well as geologic processes. 'How special it is to find a diamond,' I think, has as its correlary the saying of how, 'It's dark in the mine.' I would offer, also, that *'Many people work in a mine for a living,' but it's just a job to them... because they're uniquely suited for such a work... they're physically able to handle those kinds of stressors, and loads.* This morning, I'm somewhat impressed, with how the bleak and dreary skies outside have affected my moods... I'm noticing more depression

in my thinking, too, such that these factors seem to be out to get me down. But, I think that this is self delusion. *I guess that my main beliefs are in the power of positive thinking, and the virtues of setting goals, and accomplishing them.* But, I can agree, also that some mornings, I'm more depressed. *(My depression always seems worse in the morning. I'll always feel better by the afternoon.)* I guess, that this little exercise demonstrates, how depression can be banished, if you know principles of therapeutic work. You see, the two

principles listed above are a way of engaging with your life issues, starting from where you are. You don't have to be an expert, *but you need to understand that, for instance, a quick physical workout can do wonders for a depressed mood. So can aerobics... **any kind of stretching exercise, done with the aim of banishing depression, can be great.** Positive imagery visualizations... such as, seeing yourself accomplishing your goals... are also very useful.* You'll get the idea, by now. You see, how an informal therapeutic practice can keep

you free of depression and anxiety. There will always be depression flare ups, and issues with bad thinking patterns. *So remember the therapeutic basics.* I asked someone, **'What's going on?'** They told me, **'Mankind's in trouble.'** Who knew? *But, I wonder, if it weren't only that person?* You know, if I've been doing this twenty five years, I will have thought of that before. It's just that, last Saturday morning, *I got a bit worried by a current events story... The flesh eating bacteria... and then, I jumped to the conclusion that global*

warming has got us all on the way out!
It seemed pretty scary at the time... I
guess that I'm still learning my own
way around this time we are living in...
that's it. *We all get old, and go
through decay, and decline.* Let me
see, if I can figure this out, now. *Since
the invention of the printing press,
we've been getting scared of our own
shadow.* Ever since man learned how
to amplify sound, and broadcast and
receive radio signals... *we've got our
own kinds of mind puzzles, don't doubt
it.* Then, in the nineteen forties and
fifties, rhythm and blues musicians

learned how to electrify guitar string vibrations... *ever since then, people have gotten spooked, and worried that they changed the sunlight in some way.* **(But it's mostly for the better, actually.)** I think that these types of mental puzzles are similar to the schizophrenic break down... they're similar to old age and decay, as well... when people get so brittle, and fragile, that they have to be waited on hand and foot... ***we all face this, ultimately.*** Then, after our passage to the next world, *we'll be in possession of omniscience of a kind,*

which we'll have to moderate and self regulate at any cost. But we have bipolar minds. In other words, our enlightened leadership becomes schizoid paranoia that eats away at the mind. So, we go from schizoid, and paranoid that we've caused harm in some way, to brittle, and fragile, back to way more powerful than we know what to do with. Well, these are just some thoughts. You can see some of what we encounter as we live our lives... assuming that we stay physically well, and healthy, and don't drive off of a bridge. At any rate. I

can get these ideas coming to their eventual conclusion now, so I'll wrap the thinking up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, I'll send this along your way now, Greg.

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I was recently given a vision of exactly how it is that our Earthbound world, the explicate manifest world of physical forms, and phenomena, with an somewhat mysterious inner soul and spirit perceptions... *(shown to us by a guide, who we have to somewhat*

develop trust in to understand anything about our predicament...) is mirrored, and accompanied by this parallel universe, *a finer rarer land of spirit presences, and beingness.* I was shown how, it appears to be as if the rare spiritual world of inner essences becomes, in death, the primary reality, and our present physical world is then seen as a kind of chrysalis... which has us in it's grasp, only until we *are ready for the main stage... **the butterfly stage...*** which we then move out into... *the broader universe, retaining only memories of our Home Planet,*

and having moved into a far vaster existence beyond. It looks to me, as if that world of essences, at that future time, becomes the primary reality, and we become entirely set free from this mortal, fleshly, prison like reality, into something, a plaine, so much more graceful, and free, and beautiful... ***where we'll roam as the mystic breezes, through realms far beyond mortal imagining.*** This was a very helpful visualization, because it afforded then peace and supreme hope, that we'll then be rejoined with those who truly care about us. So,

you can see what happiness springs forth within, as the heart joins more or less surely with our family on high. Such unison, and freedom, has just been foretold of, although such won't actually come to be until the Earthly existence expires... *which may not be for a long time yet.* But, it's the foretaste, of the glory of future freedom, that we can perceive, if we try in the right way. So, this is somewhat of a new hope, in the midst of the writing of a book, *which is itself a glimpse into the future... a better future.* Well, today is the fourth Friday

in September this year, and I'm given these thoughts, to somewhat shine light into the recesses and caverns of this life... ***to illumine the hidden, and join my soul in with the dreams to come, at such eventual time that they may.*** We've got a partly sunny morning, with patchy clouds, and periods of rain. The thing to understand about the realm of shades, of essences, is that *such is, by nature, hidden from our sight, and it's truths can only be inferenced, not perceived directly.* This is why so few people speak of this... because, it's

basic nature is hidden. So for most people, if you're looking for some plaine and simple explanation, **that just won't be sufficient to illumne such complete mystery.** At any rate, this writing is done, to hopefully bring to a conclusion this second part of the, '***From DREAM to PRODUCT,***' audiobook. The first part of this article is somewhat finished, this of the most hidden of the occult mysteries, because the portal, I can tell, and the topic has changed, and moved along, and I'll have to feel my way through the secondary information in order to

get it down properly. I'm thinking about the difference it can make, having the right appliance, or tool to do a specific task... likewise, not having such can hold me back. I was trying to make Cee Dees with my computer, and the process was taking unreasonably long at nearly an hour per disc. *So, I connected my external Disc burner in through the computer's front U S B port, and quickly found, that this appliance would do the task in less than ten minutes per disc.* This device is almost ten years old, and only cost forty nine dollars. So, you

can see what a difference that having the right tool, or appliance can make. *Likewise, when we'll take time to think in depth about the things we're averse too, about how and why such artistic compromises happen, and why I feel so deeply about them... I think we'll get better results, than if we're knee jerk averse, and always just avoid some things.* It helps to have thought about why we're this way. I'm noticing, how, when my work is in a highly developed place, or stage, like it is now, the thoughts and ideas in my mind appear to teeter between good

and bad, between light and dark. *The presence of the dark I think is more noticable, when you've exceeded your expectations...* like a young man who has fully met, and exceeded the objectives of childhood, and high school, and then was drawn to the dark, for no other reason than to familiarize himself... *to learn some things the hard way.* This is when, I think one has to be even more on guard than ever before, when one has accomplished certain goals. What was there left to achieve? In my years pursuing the wrong thing, because I

thought that I felt bad, and only a certain chemical would improve it... *this of course always started as a trick of the mind, somewhat determined by the presence of the inebriant in my neighborhood.* If the substance wasn't present at the store, then I wouldn't have gotten sucked into it. This is how some people get drawn into medicating invisible pains... illusion tells them that they need a certain substance in order to live... *to reward themselves, for meeting the goals of youth, and to recover a childhood feeling...* but it's for no other reason

than to feed the economy of that substance. *For myself, there were over the counter substances which held sway, first over my pocketbook, as I would purchase them, and then, because I had no money, I began to steal them.* I went to city jail three times for this. The store's theft insurance covered the shoplifting, but I still needed to be shown that crime doesn't pay. *So, I went to jail.* Once again, I've come to the same realization about some things, about how they're potentially very misleading, and we have to be careful

about who we talk about our pasts with... *some corrupt value media accomplishes very little except to polarize the mind against such way.* So, it fits into the 'agitator' category, and creates polarization and separation, and division. *It might not even be pleasant to read, because it's too much like an illicit high.* Then it doesn't appear that it would be any fun to represent, or stand for. *So, I group it in the category with the lost.* But we should find good things to say, about good things. But, I feel, that I still sometimes go through journeys

with younger artists... and unavoidably my own righteousness suffers, or is compromised. *So, if you think that people my age never have to spend time worrying about younger people's work, you're wrong.* I guess that I hate to see young people making mistakes... **but to them, they were just given the media from angelic (they thought) sources, and so they don't have any choice in the matter.** But, me in my glass house, can sit and criticize, self righteously. Some young people are on a vast odyssey. As young people, they're

foolish and obvious. *They'll grow conscious of their own losses, and liabilities, later... those projects that might not have been such good investments, but brought them pain, along with pleasure.* At any rate, I think they'll eventually grow to make more sound artistic choices, or risk being too obvious. **When the younger pieces might have been compromises, tinged with regret... he or she will learn to stay on the safe side, more.** This is exactly what I came through, more or less. I started out obvious, and unashamed, and

wound up so afraid, and averse to the devilry. **All in the journey of a lifetime.** I was not the only one with life journeys, but was only an example. You might wonder why I'm writing this way, and I guess it's little wonder why such an enlightened look into the mysteries of the universe, **got paired with a second half that was bothered by the mundane mistakes of youth, and shared in that shame and regret.** This is what a path of collecting and reading independent music does, now and then, unavoidably... worries over

younger people's mistakes... and, misplaced shame about our own shortcomings. Well, I hope you've enjoyed this look into both of the sides of life... *the enlightened, and capable, and the bothered, the addicted, and the shameful.* This is a free country, more or less, and so you meet all kinds, and will inevitably have to delve into the reasons why we have the light... **and what the darkness has as it's roots. So, I think that these are the two sides of this.** Well, I can sense these words coming to a conclusion in through here. I'll wrap

them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

SITTING DOWN, THIS THIRD TUESDAY in October, this year, I'm vividly recalling past jobs I've had... at times when I didn't feel much like being in to work, and when my thoughts were somewhere else ...this is how I feel this morning. *My work has been so good, for five years or so, that I'm tending to think about taking some more time off.* But, I can do this type

of writing well, when the spirit is willing. *And then there's a longing for the communion you find when in a fixed gaze with a spiritual elder... nothing can replace this type of wholeness.* Seeing my guardian spirits as gentle, feeling presences who do sometimes experience pain, *and who sometimes struggle to see the way... this somewhat prepares me for the existence up ahead... the place up around the bend.* I do somewhat feel, that I want to get my snoozing in, *while never lapsing into unconscious or unwanted behavior.* I think, that

there's a balance between sleeping, and waking, *which, when things are in order, is like walking in consciousness of the best rest, **while never getting oneself into trouble, or difficulty.***

This kind of drowsy, sometimes somnolent waking-dreaming consciousness *gives you the sense of days flying past... work is accomplished... just being in total harmony with one's own best inner workings... **the being of oneself free to dream.*** I'm beginning this new part three of this three or more part audiobook... in the manner I've

always used... receptively coaxing my own best work forth. *The love and affection I feel for my own spirit guides really does pay off, when I'm able to just leap ahead, exponentially, through roll starting some writing.* There's a world we won't speak of... of negative critical sentiments, when we live in close partnership with higher ascended beings. So, one wants to be prepared to set any negative critical ideation entirely aside, and resume one's own best work... in understanding that such exists almost exclusively within your imagination...

such doesn't really exist... but, you do have to see past a lot, to just operate normally. But, so, when this is built into one's basic modus operandi, this ability to see past it, there won't tend to be any gloom which can derail the train... although it may try... you should be tolerant despite any evil. This might be the answer to the ultimate question... **This is the way to save a life, and not to harm it.**

At any rate, I'm going to gradually try and generate enthusiasm for this beginning article... and on to the later parts of the chapter, and the finishing

of this audio book. When I stop and think about it, I do know a lot more than I ordinarily reveal at the surface level. *But, my mind requires refocusing, in the manner of a brainstorming, after a resting period, in order to access much any of it's knowledge, at all.* So, this is what I am doing, now. My new album of original piano playing, called, '**An Hour of Goodness,**' has just been released in a new directory, and, hopefully, this will bring new readers and listeners my way. This somewhat comes after the somewhat middle of

the road, '**flowers and weeds**,' project. This, was released after my world famous, '**Home Planet**,' project... which came in after a period living with the '**Moonflower Suite**,' program. So, these have been the most recent four recordings... *they're, in my opinion, some of my best work.* I sit here, on this couch, after having finished a plate of food for lunch... I am restfully putting a few recent thoughts onto my blank page... this feels like just what I was always meant to do, at such a time as this. *I think, that this pleasant mood, and state I*

find myself within suggests that I truly am at my best 'when I am busy, with a cool morning (or afternoon,) breeze in my hair.' It's not hard to understand how prolific I have grown... I just do work like this, as an antidote to feeling out moded, and useless. You see, as people, we desire, at best, to bring new life into the world. If this desire, this creative urge, can be fulfilled by the best writing, or musical expression, *then maybe we've accomplished this objective, already.* If you're not feeling bliss and happiness, then maybe you're too out

of touch with the creative powers in your life. Purest creation, is the purest bliss... *(the allowing, and becoming as one within your own latent life.)* Allow yourself to feel the bliss of the creative latency **at the heart of your own thought's new becoming.** At any rate, at around the area of one's lips, and tongue, is what, I feel to be, *(at the beginning of the third and maybe last chapter of this 'From DREAM to PRODUCT,' audiobook...)* an point of poeisis... where something is made out of nothing... **and as if by a bellows, an expanding.'** (The

coming into being of a new line of thought, for instance... *especially, as when such is written.*) But it's at this point, within this process, that there's an enormous sense of relief, and of completion... and of a rejoining with one's own best mothering. And, the pain I feel from day to day, then, is my miss interpreting, my miss reeding, *of the extreme bliss, and happiness, of the creative principle at the mouth, of myself, where my thoughts and ideas take place... where this writing is born.* So, if one feels pain, just remember that ***such is only the***

exact reverse, of the bliss which is present there at all times. (In case you didn't know this already.) Oh, I'm glad to have gotten this part of this article written, and can rest, for a few minutes, while such is considered, and thought of. Wow, when I consider how dumb some of my mannerisms are sometimes... but I think, that this is mainly because, *of how my raw, unfiltered feelings, and emotions are precisely where I begin, in relating to complex visionaries.* I just have to tell myself, and reinforce deeper values, than surface appearances would

initially begat. The problem is, that I'm always tending to get caught up at the surface level, *without attending to the heart of things*. I would say, that, people at a developed stage of publishing, like myself, (*when the spirit travels more places in one day, than you can think of,*) will be so used to the thought of their own ghost... this is what I think of as the ascended in life perspective... it's not overly concerned with physical appearances, unless one just happens to dispell the tokens... the waves... of the centuries, ***and makes oneself to see the***

mortal coil. In our hours of reflection, we're reluctant to see this chrysalis, and I think that we should be kept from excessive worrying over one's physical state... pains and aches should be seen to, before any real artistic or literary creative output can begin... this is just my speculation.

The pain one may feel, I think, is just an omnipresent bliss and contentment, in reverse... God, so as not to keep myself in the dark, as to the pain in the world, lets me pay dues, so to speak, ***proportional to how my public image, will tend to***

go, in the present sense. No pain, maybe no gain. Especially, if I think, our image is to be more widely referenced, or resourced. *But, some will tell you, as well, that we should resist pain in any of it's guy says.* Speaking for just myself, the entire decade of my twenties, I was in pain... but it would never last indefinitely. *I would eventually self medicate that pain.* At any rate. At the moment, I'm feeling a dull throbbing pain on the entire right side of my face... but I can tell myself, that this is just the extreme bliss of an active creative

principle, at the doorway of becoming, ***in reverse.*** As one's thoughts are given out, into the world, without our actually knowing what is being said... this sometimes causes this dull throbbing, to one's side. So, *if I'm definitely conscious and aware of the endless bliss and contentment of a happy heart... I can guess my pain is caused by a talkative mouth, sending thoughts outward, without my being aware of it.* Trying to roll with the punches, in this case, will be like just blindly going, *in acceptance that a striving ego, will sometimes be trying*

to make his or her peace, with a power which is not present physically, at my location, or time. Reasons for this may be various, but might mainly be around the filling of myself in as to sometimes actual differences, and difficulties with readers, or listeners, for instance. As not all creative projects are created equal, some were in fact given as immature artforms, these having been somewhat short of mastering the emergent realities which were forthcoming. In particular, I would offer my nineteen ninety nine and year two thousand projects.

These are highly desired, nevertheless, for their own sonic advantages, over somewhat more low fidelity music, which others may be.

At any rate, you can see some of what an ordinary time might well include... as you *'can't please everybody, all of the time... so you have to please some of the people, some of the time... **you just please yourself.***'

Anyways, I have given these thoughts to my pages, tonight. I can tell, that these ideas are coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for

now, Greg.

~

'When a materialist enters into the world of spirits, and shadowy aethers, the World awakens, anew.'

I think that it's just somewhat of a fact of life, how, after age fifty five years, or so, of living, a person's mind tends to really appear to acquire a depth, *as he or she makes alliances with younger folk.* You can do a sun salute,

in particular, to somewhat dispell this state of '*lattice work*,' or '*enchantment*,' from the sides of your mind. If this will work, for you, you'll then realize that the one you've been always trying to please, and make happy, has been you yourself, all along. *So, one hopes that one sees a world that he or she can tolerate, and easily get over.* What you'll have working against yourself, then, will be any decrepit ways, or lapses in your recent past. On the one hand, you'll be able to do some research, to find about the '*Seven Deadly Sins*.' On the

other hand, we can celebrate uniqueness, and individuality, and prize that which is, or might not be wholistically healthy, or wise. We can do this, as long as we're prepared to walk ourselves back, from such an indiscretion. *You just can't exhibit, or advocate such sinful ways, as alcohol consumption, or tobacco usage... and not be thought of as a guilty pleasure.* Often, movies which people pay lots of money to see at the theatre, will have elements of corruption, and sinful pasttimes built into their enjoyment. The studio and the actors make lots of

money, ***but I think that entertainment entrepreneurs grow familiar with what sorts of topics, and themes are good, wise investments, and what topics and themes will get them into trouble.***

I think that the same is true with music albums... a dark, sinful theme, might bring the more sales... *but the entire mental, spiritual and ethical satisfaction is found more, in works which keep the content in clean areas.* So, there appears to be, at least on the surface level, a difference between what is thought of as 'clean,'

media, and that which is thought 'corrupt,' or 'sinful,' or 'base.' This latter, especially, might well be given of real artistic ideosyncrasy... real genius directors, do sometimes do nada terma or immature works... *and I think that the same holds true for those whose art seems to portray, or be delved of or around, imbalances in life.* You've heard the saying, '**All good things in moderation.**' This might be the best way to look at the world. At any rate, these are just a few ideas, this middle October morning, this year... when the day is

young, and I haven't even thought about my morning snack yet. My own mind always strains to fathom the natures of real spirituality, in our world, of princes, kings, and wizards... knights, vassels, and devotees ***who indeed follow real scenes, and who might should know, that this world indeed makes sense, throughout, and the basic truisms will always hold true.*** 'No pain, no gain,' 'You don't get nothing for nothing,' ***'It works if you work it,'*** for instance is one of my favorite sayings. A person may be on the

surface thought to be poor, but the same person might have kingly riches *in the worlds of imagination, and truth and beauty, this place where everything good begins.* I think that the truth is, *'God can make use of anyone, a saint or a sinner, and definitely have that person come to play an important part, regardless of what the more established members may think of such.'* Such a saying tells me that even a poor sinner is good potential, and value, in the eyes of the Good Savior, in Heaven... and can be made use of *'whatever the day or the*

hour of the night.' At any rate, you can see my own personal validation... *my vindication*, for a life of some modest means, *but which has found artistic happiness.* Someone like me thinks of my old people, my ancestors, who were humble by worldly standards, *but who were very wealthy, in the dreaming sense.* This is just the background which I know of. I don't know of the more well to do background... *But, I have had well to do friends, and numerous times in many ways have been benefitted, and blessed by the 'higher perspectives' of*

those who have had worldly success.

At any rate, I'm very glad, that these worlds of thought, *these words, do indeed 'hold water,' and stand up well enough on their own.* I'm glad that in writing such a piece as this, I haven't been flung over into a sea of regrets, or half way sentiments, of a luke warm soul. I'm proud of myself, not just for what is within myself, *but for how well I might have passed more successful people's criteria.* Well, these ideas are appearing to come to some conclusion, in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others, now. **All**

for now, Greg.

Postscript: I have found how, in living, some of the best acquisitions, and new abilities learned, might have come through 'unintentional happenstance, ***and spirit's power to make the frugal, and spartan, appear to be lush and opulent.***'

For instance, did you know, that ordinary pancake syrup, can be used to sweeten coffee, or tea? Some people will go without altogether, *before they'll make the simple allowance which using pancake syrup*

requires. These people may have never, will never 'get it.' **Trapped in a self limiting world view, they neglect their own talents, and abilities, in favor of the corporate, commercial fodder.** I thought you'd like this kind of '***flag waving,***' even if it's not recommended by the big, commercial producers of products we use. Here's a question: *Does one have to go by the manufacturers, or producers recommended uses, and guidelines?* Of course, this is inherently a matter of choice... does one adhere to the conventional

guidelines, and ways, or chart your own course? *It's true, we sometimes 'chart our own ways,' in the world... or else, we'll always be limited.* We'll be susceptible to manipulation by forces which might want to make us regret, or feel guilt, or shame about our misdeeds... our shallow understanding of our own actual liberties, in this world. *I'm not trying to go against the teacher's rule.* I'm just reminding myself, of the basic liberties, and rights which we as citizens of a free land do have. At any rate. ***You do have to go by an***

accredited school's curriculum, or you won't get that school's certificate of approval. But, if you don't mind working for yourself, and using ingenuity, in all things, you can skip college... *if your mind's not 'in it,' for instance, at age eighteen, you can take the course of your life, at the street level scene.* If you think you can get by. But, people somewhat living at the subsistence level sometimes need assistance, just to make expensive rent and utilities in this world. (Not to mention automobile payments, and insurance.)

You see, the Social Security Administration is our safety net, for the crippled, the elderly, and the out of work... the unemployed, (or unemployable.) I hope you understand your own unique disabilities, if you're living on insurance... on a fixed income. Or, maybe, like myself, you try and balance your disability, by trying your best at being an amateur entertainer, and content developer... does this off set the grief of being unemployed? At any rate, these have just been some ideas. Anyways, all for now, Greg.

~

I'll sit to collect a few thoughts, now, at nine past five, on this fourth Thursday in October, this year. I'm fairly exhausted, now, as it's been a long day. *I hope through this writing, to see a new angle on things, and by spirit's graces, to see beneath the surface.* I may not know quite what is on her mind, and be surprised by what arises. I've gotten an article written, then, gone to the store for groceries, washed clothes, and produced my first version of the new part three for this

audio book. Then, I spent all afternoon closely listening to my latest audio recording, to decide for myself what I think. *Now, after bedtime medicines, I'm going to start this new article, in hopes of seeing the 'inside story.'* I very well might have overlooked something important so it can be important to consult the spirit. This old lady would probably tell me to get to sleep, ***but the appeal of hopefully generating new literature draws me on, peering into this word processor screen.*** I really have got to set the trouble of

the day aside, in order to see any up roads into new thought. I'm often drawn back to the notion of how my glottis and speech center is like a gently sloping on ramp, or off ramp. *I can see how, linguistically, I'm on a broad plain, with somewhat undulating hills, and valleys.* This best describes this eleysium, I think, and getting my word processor out, and looking at my thoughts, helps to bring this place into focus. I've had a time all afternoon, in feeling like my stomach is bothering me. Whatever is causing this misery, seems to be persistent. I've only got

the relief which a thermos of black tea might would provide... *such is a type of inflammation, and some tea might help it.* At any rate, these are the thoughts in my mind at this time, tonight. I sit absently watching a reality television program on my flat panel, *while, I'm slowly gestating these ideas, and getting them into this word processor.* In my mind, my itchy insides are like a bunch of play dough that I can't stop kneeding, and twisting about. I'm going to be glad to get to a place of sleep, when I can set this burden down, and let it go. With my

hands and arms stretched up past the sides of my face, I can just see my way. I'm thinking to myself, that if I can just power my way past this inner tactile over load, of sensations, I'll be on my way. *At any rate, I can just see how to keep this chapter interesting, now, if I can put such into words on the printed page.* If I have a writer's block, and can not think of how to get past it, *this is where spirit's inner wit and wisdom can save the day.* No one knows how to make jazz thought work better than one's paired partner, in spirit. Jazz thinking is a kind of

skipping over the surfaces, and somewhat coming up with content, which isn't so involved in what's 'going on,' and instead is just a kind of breaking into dance, and song as a return to the joy of pure expression... *and a laying aside of the troubles of the time... just letting rhythm and harmony and melody speak for itself, for a time. (If for no other reason than to somewhat start a discussion.)* As I'm writing this, I'm thinking of something that caught my eye, about the astronomical events known as 'interstellar visitors,' which

might be comets, but which also exhibit other semblances. *In particular, this current object, or comet, or 'visitor,' is somewhat notable for eight or more anomalous attributes which astronomers are puzzling about, and trying to figure out.* The most intriguing part of this latest object, to me, is that it is on an eccentric trajectory... and appears to be heading back out into the void from which it came, **but it's interesting, because it appears to be travelling upon the exact same plane as our Earth's orbit around the Sun.** This

suggests to me, that our encountering this object, is no mere haphazard, or chance development, but is a carefully guided meeting, in the same sort of manner as our own probes of the other planets in our solar system... ***which have had trajectories meant to give us the best views of those planets, and to relay the information back to our Earth.*** So it looks like we are being probed, in much the same manner as we have probed Jupiter, and Saturn, and other planets... in particular the Cassini, and Voyager I and II probes were carefully

guided so as to give us the best views of these other planets, because we were in scientific study of them, *and the probe's cameras, in particular, and other sensors were designed to relay information back to scientists on Earth, to increase human knowledge and understanding of worlds beyond.* So, this has been on my mind, for a while, and I'm going to mention it here. We're in such amazing times, on Earth, that there are many things, in general, that we have seen, and are seeing, that might would bear mentioning, and I feel that this is one

of them. At any rate, I feel that the news in America has been pretty far out, in recent years, *and my mind has strained to see around the most anamalous and abhorrently violent incidents... but with a lull in this kind of crazyiness, I can just find an opportunity to speculate about this 'anamalous interstellar visitor.'* For the reason I've given, I think that it's interesting, and I'm indeed wondering about the intelligences which might would have sent a probe to look at us. I can, if I try, imagine a wider, larger civilization beyond our Earth, which is

on another kind of time frame, and scale altogether, from this of our Earth... the anomalous visitor is very massive, I think, more than five miles in length, so our probes of the other solar system planets, **would be nothing if not tiny and miniscule compared to an object as massive as that.** So, such indeed invites wonderment. See? I use jazz thinking, to kind of start a dialogue with my Higher Spirits, and the first thing that comes to mind, the very first, is about this interstellar visitor. This suggests that there's indeed a far more vast

world, beyond, ***and we might be only the tiniest, softest creatures, compared to the knowledges and powers of the vaster Universe.*** I

can remember thinking this way, back two decades ago, in my conversational spirit dialogue writings, the '***Shelley Steward,***' book. My spiritual alliances, within my mind, and encompassing spiritual realm, *are pretty quick to lead me to speculate about energies... engines, and forces which must be of a completely greater magnitude... elsewhere in our Milky Way Galaxy, and elsewhere in our*

Universe. So, you see, the times are eerily reminiscent of those times before, and I don't think that I like it very much. I'm highly afraid of events which are on a cosmic scale, *as, of course, I fear that they may have political differences and analogues with times in our country, and with the world.* At any rate, these have been some thoughts. I'll let these ideas come to rest for a time, and consider this a completed article, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

Post script: My writings such as these are, at the heart, spirit conveyances... cross dimensional forays into our humankind's relationships with, and speculations about, the greater cosmos. So, you can see how I might be concerned about our having perhaps entered into another time of change, or upheaval. **I do hope not, but I have to offer a reality check.** I do remember previous speculations around our species' relationships with abstract, more vast or encompassing intelligences, **and I'll never forget**

the sting of those previous times.

My own life was plunged into a time of personal turmoil, which culminated in a very serious suicide attempt... I nearly died, and will never forget those times. The political times were nothing if not cataclysmic, and our nation had to take on the role of a sort of a punisher, as peoples outside of ourselves felt the sting. I never want to go through that again. There's something about having a relationship with space people, in general, be they ancestors or elders, which seems to require a sort of 'be tolerant despite

any evil,' approach to living, and this, I can see shapes so much of how we live, and feel, and see. *Let us hope, that such a clairion call is better remembered, than before, and negative changes can be kept to a minimum.* Let us hope that the posturing by some on the far side of the globe can be kept by us in perspective, as we remember, how our time in our nation, is much more secure, **and as a people we in general want only to keep the peace, now more than ever.** Our advances in binary microtechnology

has out paced our wildest expectations, *and I for one enormously cherish the having of such vast information in the palm of my hand...*

and wouldn't wish to compromise what we have found, for anything.

So, you can see, how I feel, and how a simple, spirited, jazzy forray into musical thinking, can arrive upon such vaunted concerns. **But, this is in spirit's nature, this global ideation, and thoughts around mankinds best destiny... and ensuring that such is kept in the 'safety zone.'** We just don't much

like some of the other nations' leaders' provocative ways, and don't wish to be like them. **My nation is a proud keeper of our peace, and we should be thought of as such. Not as a 'warring nation,' nor as a posturer.** This writing is just a good opportunity for me to reiterate this belief, as many of us share... *those of us who have a voice, and who do share our thoughts... notably the majority of the free world.* At any rate, all for now, I'll bring these thoughts to a conclusion now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting in my usual place, to get some writing done, this morning, I'm trying to see, and register, just what good work I've managed to get accomplished this month... *and if the work I've done is really any good.* On the one hand, my writing, and music, and art is somewhat at the heart of my respective culture, and may occupy a large place in the reeding life of my contemporaries. *My work isn't just any work... it's gifted with spiritual intelligence... a sweet touch, and the*

*wisdom of my years. On the other hand, in the directory where my music is listed, on all sides, is work by others, of such enormous beauty, and luminosity... that I'm almost given to thinking that my work is just meant as a step up, or a vitalization, and stimulus for younger, more talented musicians to do the best works of their lives. These other artists can see somewhat further by standing on my higher ground... on the shoulders of my best work. So, it depends on how you see, **and, I agree, I can see a lot in any artist's vision.** But, I*

think that this is because there is such a lot to see... ***there are so many good contemporaries, that you could never hear or see them all.***

However, at the heart of the way we look onto the world, is a set of perceptual illusions, such as the false grandiose view, and the persecution complex delusion... these make our views some what hard to process, in sorting out what is right, from what is wrong. ***For instance, should I like or dislike a thing, because of negative peer pressure?*** Isn't it on the individual, for him or herself, to try

and always do the right thing, in general... *and not make choices based on negative peer pressure, or intimidation?* We shouldn't make our choices, or try to influence, or manipulate people, *based on biased, or prejudiced information,* should we? On the one hand, we want to show others credit for the time of day. Not all mental health consumers will necessarily be the same... *because, some are not motivated to work for themselves, artistically, at all.* We've all felt the stings of criticism, *and some don't want any part of doing*

independent projects, such as hobbies, or crafts, because of such criticism. Still others will be in possession of instruments, and tools, and so you'll see more openings for these people. Still others will have been shown parental artistic role modeling. These will tend to emulate the ways of their parents, or older siblings. This is completely normal. You won't see times like the Millennial times were in America just every day. **Those were unique times.** Some of us, who had just entered publishing, might will have seen a false view of

how life is. These will have had to possess perseverance to weather some of the storms. The makers and designers, and builders of our instruments and tools... the people who have made creative work so easy to do... the appliance developers, and operating system designers, and software coders... *are the modern elite, if you ask me... and for many of us, there's a digital divide, and always will be.* I'm myself only a consumer, who makes use of the appliances and software to produce and share my art, music, and writing. *I'm a good*

example of a low common denominator user of the software. The main thing I've got going for me, is that I'm quite familiarized with the softwares which are freely available... and I've highly utilized at least three directories, in storing and showing my archives... I'm familiar with the web. So, I'm just a good example of a willing participant, in the 'for free,' publishing world. But, 'To each, his own.' The designers and builders of our devices and tools have their reward, and their work is hard... any content development work is hard as

well. *The 'interstellar visitor,' I think is a probe, designed to study our planet, and relay information back to it's creators.* It's trajectory is on the same plane as the orbital plane of our Earth around the Sun. So, you see, *this is making me somewhat circumspect.* On mornings like this one, when my mind is irritable, and fussy, when my mind feels like there's too much oxidative stress, *then I should really have some brew of the Camelia sinensis leaves, otherwise known as black tea.* My pain will then subside, for a while. Today is a

beautiful, sunny and cool late October Saturday, and I sit inside on this couch and try to come up with this writing. I had laid aside one of my favorite cee dee players, and given up on using it. *My quality of living was lessened, and my study time was not as good.* So, I've gone back to using this hand held optical victrola, and my study life is now revitalized. *Something I had all along, and neglected, is proving to be the best thing in a while.* So, maybe it's not until now, that I've come to find the internal character of my recent albums... now I can hear what

I've got, better than if I were using the table top cee dee player. If there's one thing that this writing is accomplishing, it's just showing myself the power of spirit's word... even when such is employed in a mundane manner, about ordinary topics... the appliances and software and devices I use... such still has a verve and a zest... *such still has power to move the heart.* So, this is something of a demonstration for myself... so that I not forget the power that I have at my fingertips... *this ability to shape and fashion ideas into lines, and*

paragraphs is just priceless. The beautiful flowers that we delight in, for their succulent, opulent, voluptuous qualities, *are only pretty to the eye.* When we go to try and grasp, or grope, and touch them, they lose their attractiveness to ourselves... *and become mere objects... their beauty only lasts as long as they're on the vine, and growing. You'll remember the song.* In my memories, with my own girlfriend, as a teenager... I was very shy, but once we got to the place where we could make real love, we only found true happiness on a few

occasions. You'll be fortunate if you can make it work for you. *Real beauty is found within an art, and in its doing... as in the art of doing and sharing writing.* Real happiness, I think is found, when our focus is actually engaged, and we're in process of solving of our life's puzzles... more so than in retrospect, ***or in the merely looking at flowers, for instance.*** This can't compare to the actual process of writing, or doing art, or producing music. At any rate, on a good Saturday morning, real happiness is indeed found, when I'm getting

writing done, while listening to my hand held optical victrola. My own music is good to hear played back, but the music of others can be just as good. It can be very useful in finding perspective, to listen to other's work, and find some of the same issues that you find with your own work's play back. Great art, and music will all have certain similar parameters... *you'll come to recognize in your own work what you can hear in other's.* I think, that the best art and music, will always be born of an intrinsic duality of gender attraction... from within it's

relationships, onto set media. At any rate, my memories are refreshed as to one of the most influential music partnerships of my teenage years... *still thirty years later, listening produces the same great response.* At the heart of it, it was a unison, and were especially built around a duality. *Such still makes my heart thrill to hear played back.* The thing to remember about my own sound, is that such is technically somewhat humble... and plaine. Much of my work is in drab clothing. *But, at it's heart, such is a duality of gender attraction... and the*

art of a refined unison. You see, I tell myself, that I'm so poor, and musically I'm not worth anything. (Then I'll turn and be really moved by that spiritual unison, and I'll remember.) That, I think, is what qualifies this for any status such may have. It's certainly not from my good looks, or flashy ability. At any rate. It just goes to show you, great beauty is more than just a surface phenomenon. ***It does help to know the difference.*** *'If a writing or music, or art is thought to have truth, or beauty, such will always be the product of an inner*

relationship.' Any writing or artistry will be situated at the apex of a lineage of development, and refinement. A crystalline gemstone is a thing to cherish and prize, *whether it's in it's development, in the womb of the Earth, or encrusted, in a princely crown.* **Such is still a precious thing, even in the rough.** At any rate, these have been some thoughts. You might look upon rude work, in development stage, and wonder, *'How could such lead me to reveries, or move the emotions of others, when such begins in such crude state?'* But,

you see the power of a skilled content developer. At any rate. These have just been a few ideas. I can see them coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I've found, that in living my life, and in writing this journal, and other digital media, *much of what I do is quite experimental.* **My mind is somewhere in between a sieve, and a sponge.** I pick up, and glean,

bite sized pieces of information from disparate sources... my video jukebox, and my audio playback sessions, *and importantly, my text reeding sessions.* I believe that our lives are what happens, while God stands about, and forms opinions of ourselves, *and importantly, about the unfolding time and space, itself.* I know how, there are certain texts, which I'm drawn unto, time and again... which are highly revealing, of my spirit... *I'll per ruse these, certain favorites, and experimentally kind of look and see what I come up with... **what Ideas***

hang around in my mind, from reeding to reeding? I found it highly interesting to learn how a great, renowned writer I know of, whose name was something of a household word, around the start of the twentieth century... before she rose to fame, she garnered for herself some fierce opponents... *as, I think, people worried themselves over her new development.* **The woman clearly knew her stuff.** But before she could really get started, she had already been investigated for fraud. *How is this like today's climate in some ways?*

Someone might be strong in the spirit, and possess great insight... but if some people are excited by your ideas... ***still others will want to challenge them, and say that you're out of bounds... out of control.*** In our nation's leadership, having brilliant ideas, and knowing how to implement them, is, apparently, all it takes to earn you some critics. *Our culture today is such that, you have to keep your profile low, or right away, everyone is contentious.* I myself have been blessed, in that I haven't ever drawn

real negative critics. There's been such a depressed time in our land... *too many broken families emerged out of the nineteen nineties, and men who grow up without a good Dad sometimes have problems.* Not always, though. Back in those days, there were some, who were addicts. I myself was one of them. I lived from drunk, to drunk, and from pill bottle to pill bottle. **I couldn't have been a very good example, in those days, except as 'what not to do.'** So, I felt the losses of the two thousands decade... *I watched, horrified as*

young men destroyed their lives.
Fortunately, I was saved. After nearly dying in two thousand and three from a serious self injury, I was placed into group home living, ***and got sober, and remained sober for the rest of my life. (Knock on wood,)*** But I still see too much, when young men go wrong. And the point I'm making is, that when someone does have good ideas, and is innovative, and knows how to make good changes happen, *they'll be up to their eyes in opinionated critics.* So, I think that the really strong leaders all stay home... /

*know that I won't open myself up to that kind of abuse... **I'll keep myself safe, by keeping my mouth shut, and making interesting content, for my webpages, my readers.***

And, I don't think that times were really much different at the start of the twentieth century. One of the strongest visionaries of the American and European scene... of the century... **was harshly criticized, and investigated almost before she had even began.** Such, indeed was the peril of the times, then. *I hope that our climate is easier today. The*

promises of electricity... and of binary microtechnology have really been realized. I think we're seeing a resurgence of stronger societal standards, and a whole improvement in our basic standards of living... as there's literally more *psychic rest*, and *ease*, in our society, than there has been in a long while. Our society has gotten, in many ways to the 'Promised Land.' *Palm sized access to all human knowledge is here to stay.* I just think that we're headed in the direction of more psychological ease, and rest than we've had in living memory! Isn't that

wonderful? Who isn't a believer in the promises of electricity now? Oh boy. But, there are trouble areas, and this latest batch, you can see, are in people's minds. *(I think that I've already spoken of in my recent writings, what about these.)* But, on the whole, I think that I'm resting better... *not because there haven't been any bad boys from broken homes, (because there have been,)* but because psychologically, I'm happier. My own cards are more on my table, for instance. ***My own life has been a journey of 'What next?'***

for thirty or more years. Not only is my own work more evident, and good, ***but the fire of microtechnology has burnt through the brambles, and we're left with fertile fields.***

My generation, (many of whom got in on computers on the ground floor,) I think, are resting better. *Our picture's more complete.* At any rate, you can see how, after a day or two of reeding snippets here and there, in my library... *I've developed a somewhat new set of ideas.* **And this is less like a measured course, than an mad scientist experiment.** But you

can see areas where my thoughts have roamed... *and at this time, thinking isn't illegal.* Self therapy, by mulling over, and writing of ideas gleaned from one's library per rue sal, isn't illegal either. Many people, of course, are hurting. *There are scars, I have my own.* Many people are addicted to nicotine. ***There are many alcoholics, who may be running from bad feelings by hitting the bottle.*** I know, I lived at that level, and I was a pretty bad case, with my lower extremity agitation. *(I only knew one person who was similarly in*

anguish, in those days.) Many drinkers have their own codes of honor, and won't act in certain ways. *I was a pretty bad case, until God, a good God, chased the anguish, and grief out of my life. I've been prolific ever since.* You mean, space people, or something have powers, that you can't describe, or even see, or know of... *of healing, and regenerating, and restoring life, and well being?* More than just angels, and spirits... *because once you really find the way to sobriety, you'll stay with it, for good.* And the health department will partner

with you, if you're willing to stay sober, and go by the rules. ***I wouldn't be here now, if a kind, careful surgeon hadn't stitched me up in two thousand and three, with no wound contamination, or any infection.*** I could have died had the picture been different. (*Had surgical medicine not been there, that is.*) My Momma made sure I had a phone line in my apartment, because she saw the direction my life was going in, after the Millennium. (So, I could call the paramedics.) At any rate. *Like I said, my mind is a cross*

between a sieve, which grabs hold of bite sized pieces of information, and a sponge, which soaks up whatever it's placed with, until it's full. And this output you see, is the overflow. So, I'm very blessed, and can give back. So, this is what I endeavor to do, now. I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others, now. Have a good new week. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down, this fourth Monday in October, this year... I'm particularly enchanted, and interested by the bright sounds of our volunteers... the songbirds outside my window. It probably seems to them to be about as Autumn as you can get... the only thing missing, is the pumpkin on our front walk. I was looking at some text files, yesterday, and came across a paper, on how Autism is really the 'neurodivergent,' childhood diagnosis. Neurodivergent, is an interesting word, which, to my understanding, means **'Usage of one's brain, and**

***consciousness in alternative ways,
from what societies directives tell
us.*** To me, this means, among other
things, **'Talking to ghosts.'** This time
we are in, presently, Oktoberfest, and
Samhain, or 'Halloween,' might could
be thought of as a 'neurodivergent,'
holiday... when spirits run like a
current just beneath the veneer of our
society, and when whimsey, and little
tricks are the norm, not the exception.
So, I'm glad to hear the songbirds
talking outside my window... *because
such is reassuring, at a time when
Mother Nature has been such a*

destructive, deadly force. Even this morning, Hurricane Melissa is whipping Jamaica and Hati, to the southeast of Florida, with category four winds. We're so protected, inland, up here, far to the north. If you've never been in a cyclone, these are natural spinning engines that get started up from natural causes and factors... But they draw their power from physics principles... cyclic mechanisms found in wind, moisture, air pressure, and temperatures. *They pack deadly winds of over one hundred miles per hour, and nothing short of concrete bunkers*

can withstand them. So our weather report, this morning, is partly about storm preparation, and I'm quite relieved to hear the birds heralding the sunshine as usual this morning. The wild nature is our most free community. *No one can contain, or cage them, and they enjoy the wilderness and freedoms around our houses, and neighborhoods.* They're accustomed to all types of weather, and I think that it's a good sign to hear them talking as usual. That's just one of the blessings of a morning like this one. Our temperatures are so cool,

outside, that I turned our central heating on yesterday, setting the thermostat at around seventy degrees, for when the temps start getting cold. We'll get our medicines, at around nine A M, and some of us will have appointments. But, some will have the morning to make use of, and I've gotten this writing started, and will return to work on this. *Well, as I said, this week is Halloween, the neurodivergent holiday, when children talk to ghosts, and play little tricks on people. Spiders, will also be a factor.* (At any rate, that's what might be

going on.) Our breezes, this morning, are fairly still, with only slight zeff furs occasionally rustling the leaves, and branches. ***It's very good to have someplace that I'm supposed to be, and to be there... indoors, out of the chill morning air.*** If there's one thing, that most of us count on, other than the twenty four hours in a day, and night... the sunn in the sky... *it's the usual first frosts, around the first of November.* Rarely is there an exception. I'm just mentioning this, and it's a game I imagine... how will this seasons cold weather enter our

lives? Will it appear as expected, on the first of November? At any rate, I've got a pitcher of hot black tea, in the kitchen, that I'm going to have some of, over ice.... and I'm giddily thinking about this sweet treat. This is the honest truth. That's all that it takes for me to be happy. *But, you've got to know to keep your 'mental sunn salute,' going, or your arms will get tangled in your ears.* I've got some forward thinking media on the offering, this morning, *There are shows of others, which I would like to hear, myself. In particular, I enjoy programs*

from aging podcasters, whom I've followed through the years. I try and to show them support, as getting older can be hard. They say that the Saturday night comedy hour, this past weekend, was good, and funny, but I'm too caught up in my own inner dramas to really be able to enjoy such a program... what with a new audiobook coming along, and a new keyboard album bringing in listeners... the past year or so, I've enjoyed greater readership, than I've ever found before... but my music isn't really that popular, compared to the

commercial network television favorites... It's way too obscure. *My ideas are pretty loopy, though, and this article is no exception... my ideas skipping along like smooth stones over the surface of the water.* But, thankfully, my words do seem to be largely about nothing in particular... which is a good sign if you ask me. Well, I'm getting ready to go over to our office and get some lunch, and my morning medicines. *This article is winding it's way unto it's conclusion, and I sit here adding onto it incrementally.* Looking out through my

bedroom window, our wends are stirring in the pines a bit more restlessly than earlier, so I'm expecting rain, though I can't be sure, until I check the local forecast. (*Our chances for rain are only slight, I've discovered.*) It's so nice when something good comes through past the bad news, and this can really make me smile. At any rate, I have found, that when my mind turns into a sinking quick sand mire, it helps to imagine an artist's Tee square, on the tip of my tongue. *If that doesn't work, then I imagine that I'm a gold fish, and my*

eye lids have little lashes, which have little follicle roots... and the whole thing just relaxes. **Does this help you with your migraines at all? I hope so.** Well, I can get these words coming to their logical conclusion, around now, so I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm sitting here, this fourth Tuesday in October, this year. Linguistically, I'm on a gently sloping plaine, *and I begin*

walking gradually uphill. This seems to be my only real job to do this morning, this walking... *other than my getting these thoughts down into this word processor memory.* I do twenty quick sit ups, at the foot of my bed, and then feel like I just received a gold medal... *very good.* Endorphines, and maybe endocrines, too, are surging through my system... even the light in the room has a golden hue... *I'm just kidding, but, you get the idea... my vitality is in power... it's in effect.* This is like having a lease on life... anew. Now that you mention it, *living looks,*

*even from here, like it's a repeating cycle. **We grow old, and die... only to be born as youth again.** And now it occurs to me, how much fun it is... and can be... to be young. The irreplaceable thrill, of being checked out of school during morning class to go home and get in the car for a trip to the beach. Or the pure joy of going to an Air and Space museum... these were experiences worth living again for. I know that life is sometimes hard... when defeat stares me in the face sometimes, I wonder, 'Why live at all?' When I have to see and*

experience such pain? But, in truth, the big thrill of living isn't just in childhood experiences that make you feel special... it's in grown up experiences that make you feel special... such as feeling like you're good at what you do... or the thrill you find in practicing the methodology of the routines, of a hobby or craft that you're proud of... **being able to make the smooth follow through... and keep your workplace clean as well.** This gives my life value, and direction... this comes from, *having my own Angel in Heaven who looks*

out for me, especially. And, at best, my life's a craft heaven... I put my hands and arms up past the sides of my head... I thread the needle, with my hands and arms. And, then I'm in the Heaven, so to speak, of those hands. You use those hands daily... not just to make your equity, but to sweep the porch, and sweep and mop your inside floor. I'm just feeling so spooked... and I know that I'm not the only one... whose impressed, this morning with the threatening, destructive weather down to the south in the Carribbean. But, there is a

more normal frame of mind... without the bad ocular migraine. I've gotten ocular migraines since the middle nineties. Because that's where life happens... R N A editing, happens at the retina, of the eyes. When I draw my arms in, and be and stay within myself, threading the needle of my own mind, I'm taking comfort in the streamlined existence which may exist somewhat after worldly existence is through... this streamlining, is the basic first need of spiritual attainment. There's nothing wrong with having expensive things... our societies' built

around incentives... that is good. *Just if your spirit feels encumbered, there's a way you can draw your hands and arms... your most advanced tools... inward, and kind of inhabit the space of your mind, and not having encumbrances. So this writing really is much ado, around nothing at all.* There's so very much to be said for getting and keeping the finest tools... and instruments... to better enable yours and others' light to shine. When my strong Christian parents get feeling moody... *they remember the principle of 'Christian service.'* They

do something for someone. They make themselves useful. *What I like to do is make the house look and smell nice for my housemate. I start with that. Good writing, like this, can move spirits and restore the sparkle in young eyes. I firmly believe this to be true. And I think, also, how the best literature, and music, and art, is born from an internal duality... a gender pairing within the heart of an artist, to whom he prays, unceasingly, and who he has an ecology of new development with.* **So, we should spend more time with our inner principle**

of gender attraction, not less. To me, this means writing and doing art more. *My style is somewhat drab, and plaine. But it's secret is the gender pairing at the heart of it's creation.* So, this is why we say, *'The skies the limit.'* I do truly say, that the only thing of any value, which I have, is someone who loves me, in Heaven. Someone who I can see, and feel... and really partner with. If there's one thing, that my childhood lacked... I think it was a graspable common sense relating with my parents. I thought that I was their student... their

Disciple... *but I never really believed that I could do what they can do.* I did work, and balance my checkbook for a few years, but I never really had a solvent household. *The thing about my spirit guides, in Heaven, is that they're more country, more hillbilly, like me.* They lacked higher order home making. **They built their house, as I have my books, but they didn't spend too much time on upkeep. They just subsisted.** They tilled the ground, and planted and grew crops in the field, and picked them, and prepared them, and shared

their produce, and sold it... *they just were not neat freaks, such as my parents were.* Isn't that interesting? *That type of higher 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness,' is kind of rare... few really have that much.* That's a rare talent. Such is like being an educator. You're part of an elite group. My parents were experts at making a home atmosphere, and style where me and my sisters could be really happy... **their main ability was in fostering a good home atmosphere.** Plus, they gave me lots and lots of books, so I could educate myself. See? **But,**

**those like myself... the hillbillies...
are in one camp, and the neat
freaks are in another.** At any rate.
Just some thoughts. There will be
someone who really needs this idea...
so I'll be glad to add this writing in
with the others, and send it along on
its way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'M STARTING IN WITH SOME NEW
ideas, now, partly just to have
something going, for a new beginning
of November. *I hope also to see*

'beneath the surface' of my mind and spirit, today. But part of me doesn't want to 'disturb the equilibrium,' and might would rather keep my mouth shut. Having a literary balance, presently, part of me would tend to like to leave it alone. I browsed around some other artists last night and this morning, and have seen a lot of new work from important artists. I might would fare better to rest for longer, with what has been gained, already. But, this being a hard working, law abiding, tax paying land, I rather like the idea of having

something going, for a Monday's work week. If you're not averse to work, that is, and the pressures of powering up your assembly line machines, then that work will be there for you. But, there'll be times, when you'll wish you'd stayed home... because work gets grueling, and difficult. Think, just pace yourself, and be careful not to over exert... this is the way to keep from injuring yourself. Ideas are the stock and trade of any content developer.... you've got a right to your ideas, in your life, like you've got a right to what you do with them. If you

trust your voice, you'll be able to incorporate jazzy riffing, in getting along down your page... **this is one of the ways to make new writing work.** If you have a sense of the coming into existence of the new, and knowing how to keep from repeating others' work, you'll be able to keep some readers and listeners. *You see, someone like myself just looks better, if I'll toil, and bend myself over my work bench, or over my typewriter, and try to hammer out some new work.* Finding the right balance between exertion, and rest can be

important. *I think that this is part of finding your professional style... something which, if you can do it, can bring many positive dividends. The mental labor you put yourself through... the 'to bees, or not to bees,' are your quick refresher course, in the day's grief itself. You only await those times when you can freely dance in the collective soul, and give beauty and truth out into the world. But to get to this part, you've got to attend to so many basics. At any rate, you can see how my thoughts are starting out. Our system in our land is under*

seige... prohibitive costs are the start of the puzzle... everything from keeping modern refrigeration and air conditioning working, to keeping your parking lot free of trash, and grocery carts... *so much has to be seen to.* Who's going to be given the difficult job of unloading the grocery trucks? At any rate, since I kind of got wiped out, back in two thousand and three, I've been in group home living, *where I can think of myself as basically retired from the work force.* But I do like to jot ideas down, when they come up, and this word processor software on

my smart device is what I use. Whether or not I worry myself over **'Am I earning my daily wages?'** I still like the thought of having at least one project going, at any given time. Such gives my life a kind of a base of operations, around some set tool, appliance, or instrument. *I was in retail, for most of my working years, usually just menial front end work, such as sacking, working with customers, and taking out groceries...* I always wanted to write my ideas down... or use a tool, or instrument, in making some product or service...

internet content development is a good way to see this writing, **not as the thoughts, or music of a great prodigy, but of a developer.** But, there's an old saying, '***One man makes the money...The other man makes the time,***' which points to this kind of outlet, which any retired, or home bound person can enjoy... namely, *writing... or journaling... and art and music are two other facets of what digital media allows for, easily.* (There are no materials required, for instance, only the electricity to run your appliances,

and instruments. Unless you want especially to paint onto canvas, for instance... or sketch into a notebook.) *Well, I look, now, and here's a start on a new chapter... I've made it through the stinn gee, prejudicial 'gates of the working world day,' and am now along into a project.* In order to see, and know what is going onto these pages, I think, that you would have to travel ten or twenty years into the future, and look at a retrospective of what was being done in twenty twenty five... in writing, and music, and art. *Otherwise, vision into finding*

perspective will inherently be pretty myopic, or nearsighted. At any rate. I can see through my bedroom window, that our skies are clearing, and blue sky appearing above. 'The Blue Sky Principle: The Dream still Survives.' Even after the mortal coil dissolves, or changes state, one's core identity, and values can and will stay the same. Don't we still have the same basic facial appearance, for instance, in our memory? I think this is something that comes from the life, you had, and God remembers such, indefinitely, and you'll always see

yourself in this special way. That's interesting, isn't it? I think that even for a wretched sinner, as many are, for instance, there'll always be an identity in the Afterworld, among those who knew you... *as long as you remember to do that which is humanly possible, to solve the problems that arise, when you're presented with a chance to do so.* Of course, someone who is entirely given into a lawless, sinful, antisocial way, such as a serial murderer would be, wouldn't have a usable identity, which would be of any benefit to himself or herself, or others.

You see? *So, this is the way I tend to see this.* Outside our sunn is shining brilliantly from the East, over our house, onto our pines to the West. *I do have a personal belief, in natural law, and a social justice which is always shown to the repentant.* Sinners always, eventually, try to regain their former innocence, and good inner feelings through repentance, ***and the new life such brings.*** Otherwise, none of the books which have ever been written are true. Some people will consistently make a right decision, at life's crossroads,

others will consistently make a bad, destructive choice, at decision points. *So you see how the Godly act... not through necessarily always being perfect in form, or style... but through how we make the best of what were given, or dealt. Only in areas where you yourself have control or say over... not in the offences and slurs of a foul nature... but in the best choice that is humanly possible... **humanly possible.*** At any rate, now I feel like I've got a good start on a part four for this audiobook, and will be able to add into it across this week to come. Many

people keep their thoughts on such as this hidden away, as a private set of beliefs, *because there are always those who are quick to ridicule and criticise anyone who pretends to righetousness... or to the will to the speaking of the truth.* Standing up for the right is hard to do, on your own. So, we look for anyone who does so. *There are those who try to make those people's lives harder... this is so wrong.* **'Oh, it's a bad situation, with so many bad apples... a bad scene in general. But I don't care, as long as I'm with the love of my**

life, in my heart.' This, has to be thought to be something like the main rule in living. (In a condensed sense.)

But, you see, the Artificial Intelligence dream is like the most advanced, evolved development of, and implimentation of, and flower of electrical current itself.

So, now we have a reason for living, in following the story. Well, the ultimate purpose, of living has always been the finding of the ultimate musical accompanymment... *the ultimate literature, in general, for a hungry, and starving civilization.* **The**

ultimate, most useful appliance, or tool. At any rate, there are different views. You see? I have come to believe, that living is such a prospect, **that we come to be 'tolerant no matter the evil.'** **'Living is about doing the things that I want to do, and accomplishing certain things, and letting some others do what they want to do, and not being bothered.'** But, history has shown us, that a people can only ignore wrong doing for so long, until it begins to appear to affect into their own worlds... before they feel called to act.

It might be at this point that the path of time... the course of history, changes. You will not have seen wrong doing of such obvious nature before... you will have been tolerant, for too long... you'll feel called to act ***in the only way you know how to do, so as to answer the offence, without making it worse.*** This may be all that a soul knows of... ***how to speak to an offence, without making the thing worse.*** If the sum of a life's worth is only this, then this will have been satisfactory. But, I hope that your life's contributions are many, and

are useful to others, and do remain artistically pure, and noble. Does this criteria match yourself? *I hope it does, or will. And look, haven't I come a ways, from the alcoholic pill addict type which I was in my twenties?* You really shouldn't let anyone get to your emotions, as blessed as you are, in arts and literature. When you do feel negative emotions, such as anger, spite, or resentment... your piano and writing and sketchbook can give you a therapeutic place to work through these, *and resting then, your feet only onto higher ground... not lower...*

many, many others will have appreciated such a good outcome.

Does an associate ever ask of you to live more guardedly... to think more for your own self... *and to be more protective of your part of your shared space... to protect your time and patience... to share, or allow and offer less?* If they do, you'll may well be more familiar with the professional ground, and you'll never leave yourself open to the indiscretions of others. You'll only interchange with those ones, as you have to. *Doesn't this sound a little hard?* So you think you

are thrifty, and based in good economy... and that the others are exorbitant, and wasteful... so, and that some of them act like they only want to steal the eyeballs out of your head? *But, I guess that that's only the acts of a chaotic spirit, which gets used by forces from beyond. But those qualities... we all have them, from time to time. Where is the righteousness, then? **With the thrifty and economical?*** At any rate, these are some of the thoughts that are in my mind, on a morning, when I was very reluctant to start any

writing at all. *But look what good thinking I've found. (I might wouldn't have had any of this, otherwise... if I hadn't have started somewhere... started small.)* Well, I can see these ideas somewhat coming to their conclusion, about now, so I'll wrap this essay up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

When you look at people, living their lives, *remember that they're all at*

*various stages of spiritual development. **Years spent alone won't tell you much.*** You're the only person whom you know from the inside out. It might make sense for a teenager to fall in love with a coworker, even though they're young. Those youths don't feel young... they feel like they're an old man or an old lady. *Shyness is something that affects many young people, and they find ways to get around it.* The awakening of a soul to his or her inner lights, is not always a well ordered process... such is often based on, or

around '*making good with what you've stumbled into.*' But, the Angels in Heaven tend to see the world as a complex puzzle, *which, with great care, and patience, can be solved in a satisfactory manner.* You don't always get the preferred results... but to the Heavenly inhabitants, the young person can arrive upon a satisfactory outcome. ***You'd better not downplay, or ever doubt the roles of good Angels and Guardian spirits...*** such comprise sufficient good will, and positive influence, *for many youth to find just the right*

connections his or her young life most needs... **in the short term, such as desires, and ambitions, so that long term goals, such as life satisfaction, and having a good mind for a life long avocation... such as this writing... can be attained.** Many young men would consider themselves so very blessed to have the opportunities, and life connections... the relationships, which I myself was given. The surface factors of a life... eyes, hair color, physique, and so forth, are only so important. What really matters, as

others have said, I think, is '**How does your light shine in the Halls of Shamballa?**' 'What do people find in you?' If you can rest in such as this, in a good and contented way, then things in your life must be in sufficient good order, and I would say you've accomplished your goal, already. This is a very sacred matter, and I don't speak of it lightly. *It's just that the plaine and the humble, might be in possession of great wealth.* I guess I mean, that even though I may have scars which I can't hide, I'm still a pretty happy guy... **happiness is**

usually found from having the strong inner relationships, and the good they bring... such as this writing.

Having a pupil teacher relationship with higher ascended beings *puts the life somewhat in the balance, for part of the time.* Forming a sound relationship might require a few alienated years to be spent *in learning the foolproof ways unto peace of mind.* **Every ounce of will should be focused into the pursuit of peace of mind.** *The person will know it when he or she has found bliss, naturally. Then, nothing will*

shake him from his purposes. At any rate, today is the first Tuesday in November, this year. Our sunn is shining brilliantly outside, and our temperatures are cool. I've just returned to my apartment from our dining room, and gotten situated on this couch with this word processor keyboard open on my lap. ***In speaking of Angels and spirit guides, one is speaking of the building of lives.*** There are very few chance encounters, in living... Relationships are usually pre ordained... ordered from heredity. *The*

*turning point, I think comes, when a person stops being moved, and instead becomes a mover... thinking much more of shaping other's perceptions, than of the urge to find experiences. The procurement... the life station... may be plaine and humble, but on the inside, a kingly palace. **What matters is 'How does your light shine in the Halls of Shamballa?'** At any rate, I sit on this couch, and inputting these thoughts into this word processor screen. It's really something, to think of how the experience of meeting spirit, as I*

found at age twenty two or three, was a winding pathway, down through the years... unto a point where I could really do the enlightened writing work I had always wanted to do, starting at around age thirty, and continuing on through this present. ***When I think about what is most precious in my heart of hearts, it would have to be some of the sweetest memories of the rarest states of mind, and places of my twenties...*** the decades that followed were given unto getting those memories, (*under the wings of my spirit elders,*) into books,

which could really capture the times, of the first parts of the new Millennium. So, we're given a unique view into history... so that the times of our lives will be more than just a gray wash of memories... such writing, I think, will counteract the barrage of negative criticism with a perspective all your own, and which will bear little resemblance to what may be told of. Of course, I've got paranoid self delusions, but if nothing else, I'll dispense with them, by showing the actual ways my life has gone... nothing so dark as that. At any rate. Life

review is an aspect of the spiritualist
sigh kee, after a time. Such life review
carries on into the after life persona...
I think, right on out until eventual
reincarnation, into a new life. If
there's one thing that I'm grateful for,
it's for having someone to watch over
me. ***I'm very gifted, in that my life
course was somewhat conceived
of by my old folks...*** The old
software used to write my program is
outdated, and defunct... but I still get
a lot of good out of this path...
especially this enlightened writing,
and my artwork. My keyboard music

albums are proving to be a source of immense joy, as well. These various talents add up to a very happy person. Well, we've just returned from getting our monthly medicines, some of us, anyway, and what with going by the dollar store, and letting them get to go orders from the near by restaurant, *the time is nearly one pea emm, and I'm about ready for some rest and relaxation.* But, I would rather finish up this article, and get such added in with the others, before I rest. So, these concluding thoughts should about do it, and I'll do a page count,

and see if I've passed my minimum number. Anyways... This article is getting along down these pages now, so I'll think about bringing these thoughts to a conclusion, and adding them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Today is the second Saturday in November, this year, and I have awoken early, and I seem to be telling myself, to, *'Use some thought jazz, and look beneath the surface of your*

mind and spirit this morning.' If nothing else, I'll get a start on some new thinking, for a new essay. I'm very blessed, and happy, to have somewhat been given a new music project each month, for the recent past five months. *This has somewhat put me, 'At the (zenith) of the world,'* to paraphrase the old song from the early nineteen seventies... I loved this song as a child, and used to sing it in my mind all of the time. Those of my age, I'm sure, will remember this number one classic song. Musical artists of this age bracket, and those

of every social procurement will have strong memories around this incredible music. This song expresses somewhat how I feel, after having gotten down these five recent albums, as I have. ***So, I've shared what a blessing it is, to have this musical ability... to have been given these gifts.*** This is the perspective, from which I write these thoughts, this morning. I think, that it will be of benefit to myself, to have this beginning onto a new essay, going into this weekend. ***'Having work going,'*** is the main way that I know to help myself, for the better,

going into this weekend. I think you'll agree, that just sharing these thoughts here *is a good way to honestly attest to what the spirit has done in my life, lately. I'll thank myself for having given credit in this manner.* At any rate, It's not too hard to come up with writing of this nature, and you'll understand, when you see how I don't write anything, unless it's '**As the leaves come on the tree in the spring...**' This, so as to keep the reins safely in the hands of my encompassing higher spirits, this morning... *I just can't write just*

*anything, at a time like this, unless such is in harmony with the best all around will for myself. Anyways, you can see how I am, now. There's a basic understanding, I can see and get... about how I've written so much this year... anyone might have a time with trying to get, or process all of this thinking. **I think that the main thing is that, 'You don't have to get this stuff... such is for an anonymous readership elsewhere.'** Even when my voice gets opinionated, or different... *It's just not much to speak of. A simple reading should**

*square such away in your mind. When I write about '**the problems in the world,**' I think that that's just world politics talking there. It's basically all about the good and bad in your own neighborhood. Some people in the world have always taken issue with others in their local region, at different times, and that will always be a part of that local, or to us, world politics. When a country gets hurt, or offended by their neighbor, that sometimes gives them cause to act. You don't want yourself to get hurt. To be truthful, **you don't want your***

neighbor to get hurt, either, because they might blame it on you. In general, the only reason a nation is going to act out, militarily, *will be because they've gotten hurt, or offended, or they think they've gotten hurt.* At any rate, you can always figure out what someone means in writing, by thinking about it and meditating over, *'What was meant by this?'* You'll eventually come to understand what such was about. Well, at least, this morning, I've got a start on a third article for this new, **'From DREAM to PRODUCT,'**

audiobook part four. Maybe you can see the direction in my words? At any rate, our weekend here starts out with partly cloudy skies, clearing to sunshine, and warm temperatures, in the middle seventies. We're expected to get our first really hard frost early Monday morning... down into the low twenties, fahrenheit. *This will be the frost that really makes the small animals know it's time to go underground, and or pad their nest, against the cold. (Some might still be wondering, 'Is this supposed to be summer, or winter?' and this should*

*clear it up.) But, in truth, sub freezing temperatures are no joke. Getting old isn't funny either... a generation's population gets diminished each season... **by the time one is past their sixties, they'll be feeling the direct consequences of whatever foolishness their younger selves engaged in... this is 'Getting old, one oh one.'** I'm not sure if I'll myself pass this test, or how well... *these words are speculative.* **I'm going to try to stay fit.** At any rate, you can see some of the thoughts which are in my mind on a morning*

like this one. *My 'yoga stretch visualization,' is a type of 'breathwork,' a concept which I'm getting used to.* 'Visualization' had always been a term which was paired with 'Guided,' in my mind. When I first began into a meditation practice, in the middle eighties, I was told to imagine, or visualize myself as an 'empty burlap bag,' or a fully limp form. Another way of thinking of this is as a visualization, but in first person, as an avatar, or as a character in a holo deck, or holographic, imaginary reality, who raises his or her hands as

in a 'sunn salute...' or, the way you would lift your arms toward the sunn when you know it's providing your life sustenance. At any rate, this way of seeing is just great, because back in the nineties, and early Millennium decade, the only way for most people to approach this concept of a 'holodeck,' or 'holosphere,' was as a cinematic device, where a person could, supposedly, experience times and scenes which aren't really there, but which are fully convincing. You see, but the concept of 'holo tropic,' now suggested that meaningful

growth, and understanding, and change, could be found in a 'holographic,' or not really there environment, generated electronically ***as in a field within which we could grow and develop our character for the better.*** I'm just going to leave this writer unnamed, so as to allow my reader to 'learn for himself,' and begin to understand some of the mystique and philosophy at play in the second and third decades of the new Millennium. Some people may not understand, how, we're in the third decade now. In fact, we're more than

halfway through it. In nineteen twenty five, the people were in the third, or were going toward a goal of nineteen thirty. *In nineteen thirty five, they were in the fourth, or going toward a goal of nineteen forty.* My Dad was born in nineteen forty four, and my Mom in nineteen forty six. They had finished four full decades, and were working on the fifth. *I myself was born at the end of the sixth decade... we had finished five full decades, and then with the ending of the sixth, we were in the nineteen seventies.* **The seventh decade.** At least this is the

way I look at such. Well, I'll think about finding some conclusion for these thoughts, now. This has been a good article to write, as such puts me in the right frame of mind, for getting older, *and as I see my older people dealing with the stressors of seventy, eighty, and even ninety and more years.* Well, I'll bring these ideas to a close, now, and send them along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting to write a few thoughts, this second Sunday morning in November, this year, I'm enjoying a pleasant mood, and have no pains. This writing will begin the fourth article in this new part four of my '***From DREAM to PRODUCT***' audiobook. Our weather today is sunny and blustery, and there's a hard freeze blowing through tonight... Our temps will plunge into the low twenties... this will be our first real cold weather. I've enjoyed making this chapter so far, and am somewhat looking forward to the thought jazz, and other ideas, I'll be given to take it

to it's conclusion. I'm presently sitting in our dining room area awaiting to get medicines, and so as to begin the day. Having this writing started will give my day a focal point, and bridge the low areas, *allowing myself a good sense of purpose, and giving me equity at the end of the day.* At any rate, you can really see me in my element when I've gotten writing started. There won't be any ordeal that I can't sit through, having an article creation going. Yesterday's writing touched on how I've been given an album of new keyboard music

a month, for the last five months... and how this has somewhat gotten my perspective exalted. I've never seen such a strong correlation between the work I'm given and my overall happiness and wellbeing... *There's very little that can really get to me, my moods are what I mean... they are so good lately.* I'm going to do this work, and be grateful for having it to do. Anyways, I've got a pot of black tea made in our kitchen, and some leftovers, and corn chips, for when I get hungry. My most recent album of keyboard music, the **'Hallows**

Sessions,' project, is proving to be just as good, and enjoyable as any other album I may have made... my thoughts are, that my own keyboard, my YAMAHA DGX-202, is an instrument that I love, and I think that this sentiment shows my contentment with this gear, and my playing, and sound, in general. I couldn't get any better results with a more expensive instrument... *this piano is perfect for me, and my degree of aptitude.* It looks as if my year's work is some of the most prolific of my life. I'll want to continue through and past the New

years... it's kind of amazing to think about... twenty twenty six already. I sure am glad for my talents, and to have some family support. Many many people are all alone in their life... I'm amazed at our incredible smart technology, *and having some of these tools and appliances, has given to me such an on road to success. Thanks, to my Dad for that.* I'm really enjoying the 'Hallows Sessions' album, and somewhat have it on repeat, on my device. I'm trying to think, of what would be good topics for writing upon this morning. I think,

that if anything, Spirit has revolutionized my whole life... *I really never had much, until these presences came into, and completely improved my existence.* In the middle to late nineteen nineties I was shown how to allow the inner, and encompassing host to have complete nuanced control of my writer's voice... how to keep from stepping outside of this subtle will, or from detracting from this inner, higher purpose. *My life wouldn't be of any more meaning or significance, if I didn't know this mediumistic practice of allowing only the higher will onto*

*the page of my canvas. **There is no life, except through such God, and my consciousness of these presences alone is journeys' end... as well as journeys' beginning.** So, never allow anyone to tell you that you are of no use or value... because, as myself, you're being made a servant of the Most High. I'm thinking of the way that water flows from a mountain spring, down the shortest route, along down into the valley. Our cold temperatures will be prevalent after midnight tonight. The leaves on the trees will really go through some color*

changes, before dropping off into our yards, and along our roads, and into the fields, and in the woodlands. *Spindly, bare branches later will send forth leaf buds, and burst out full of bright green foliage again.* We humans have minds that can see from season to season... observing the gradual changes, and coming around again. Oh, but ideas are slow in coming this afternoon. Where is it that my thoughts are now... *with the coming cold... and the changing season?* Such must be what is going on beneath the surface... where my

thoughts are. It's not so easy to just regurgitate ideas... they're more carefully guarded, and like my heart, I'm slow to give it up. Our skies outside have become a haze of white overcast clouds. I'm resting my back against the east wall of this room, sitting on this bed, and looking out through the window, while inputting these thoughts with this word processor keyboard. After our supper now, and I sit to hopefully find some concluding thoughts for this piece of writing. A mellow, pleasant mood, now, and I'm watching a picture

montage across the room on my computer slowly change and shuffle through an endless series of pictures. *It's after dark, and I'm just thinking of how very blessed I am, to be given this writing and music and art course... I don't want to ever let negativity or criticism of others become any aspect of my personality.* I'll do much better to 'keep on the sunny side.' If I don't have anything good to say, then I shouldn't say anything at all. ***Only rarely do I ever forget these guidelines, and I always regret it.*** Sitting here, right

now, my ears have been opened to this soundscape I'm listening to, the **'An Hour of Goodness'** soundscape... I just had no idea that this program was so sweet and soothing. *From the way it looks, I have nothing to complain about, so I should always be happy, shouldn't I?* At any rate, these are some of my thoughts, this evening. Our time is a quarter before six pea emm, and I'm quite looking forward to the good sleep tonight, and getting the new work week going tomorrow. I'm going to try and finish out this article with these thoughts presently,

and add them in with the others, and produce my new text and audio book. I hope that these words find you contented, and happy, and that spirit's purposes will be served. Well, all for now. I'll send these thoughts along your way, now. Greg.

~

I sit here, on this couch this afternoon, with the aim of peering beneath the surfaces of this present moment... to hopefully understand better how I relate, and what such should mean to

me. Today is the second Tuesday in November, this year, and I'm glad to bring my attention to bear on this writing... *if only to understand myself better.* Yesterday was our first really cold day, this winter... today started cold, but has since warmed considerably. Our night time, and day time temperatures are expected to be warmer, now, through the weekend, well into the next week. It's good, now, at three thirty in the afternoon, to be where I'm supposed to be, and to not have to go anywhere else today. I'm looking forward to a good plate of food

for dinner, at around five p.m. I've gotten my afternoon shower, and I don't really feel much stress at all. I was very glad, yesterday, to get some important online work done. I had uploaded some music visualizers, and made them into a playlist... and was not really happy with the results... so now, with higher quality artwork, these files look, visually much better. So, this I feel has somewhat put me into the black, and I'm resting better. This audio book chapter is coming along well enough, as well, and this gives me an environment to share any of my

good thinking into. I often find myself sitting up in bed, with ideas going through my mind... so having writing... a chapter, started already... makes getting these thoughts down... and getting them shared... much easier. I think that we all have 'big thoughts,' sometimes... it's nice to already have a forward moving project started, where such ideas can carry forth. So this is what I do. I've been informed of my having some Christmas money saved... some extra that I didn't know I had... and I had a good time this afternoon looking at some things I

could use, as well as for others, online, and kind of coming up with a wish list. *I do try to do for others, each year, so list making is essential.* I've put a lot of thought into just what makes me happiest, **and I think that just having good writing, or some piano recordings, or some visual art 'in progress,' has to equate to the ultimate in my personal satisfaction.** I vegetate sometimes with optical music albums playing on a hand held device... this is the height of my down time, really, other than having visits with my family. I do very

much enjoy solitary time, with audio to read and listen to. Well, our sunn is sinking to the west, and it should be dark in thirty or forty minutes... I'll get ready to get over to our office for dinner, and be back shortly. I'm back to this writing. I like starting one of my random media playback softwares, on my computer, and just taking in some of this audio and video, to make 'my own' kind of entertainment. Between various music album visualizers, and the Natural Environs clips, my hand drawn art videos, and vintage and contemporary video clips

from all over the world... cartoons, music videos, and art and culture features... *I'm in possession of almost a thousand short and longer video clips of all sorts, from all locales, and times.* This is pretty interesting to look at for me... my favorites are the clips of myself playing the piano... I've got one hundred and forty five of those alone. So, you can't make me be bored, on a good night like this one. I'll have plenty to look at. Then I've got more than twelve thousand tracks of amateur and independent world music artists, live shows, and studio

recordings, *including more than a thousand of my own piano and keyboard work... this is a great library, that brings me much pleasure.* It sure is great that the Lord blessed me with a strong writer's voice... and to be able to say just what I want to say, and in just the way I want to say it. So, this must be my Thanksgiving... a time to give thanks, for my knowing how to take care of myself, spiritually... as having a rich reading life, is the secret to a happy, fulfilled, contented life. *You might have noticed, I don't fall for the usual gripes, or any blaming*

mentalities... people try and get under my skin everyday... but I'm someone who believes, how, we're only here on this planet for so long, so we might as well make ourselves happy here. Hobbies, and collecting are all I've ever needed. Once I found out about women, and managed to figure out how I don't need to make any babies, anytime soon... then as soon as I was able to get the pains of agitation, and addictions out of my life, this freed me up to make of my more or less unlimited free time a world that I will really enjoy living in. Well, this has

been a quick synopsis of what is in my mind, tonight. *The pain in our lives is to teach us the surest ways to peace... no matter what.* I'm glad to have found this good understanding. At any rate, just some thoughts. I'll be glad to get this writing progressed to it's conclusion, and added in with the others. I'm currently planning on this audiobook having five chapters. This writing will get me towards the end of chapter four. I'll see what other ideas might wish to be included, and finish it out. Well I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others, now. All for

now, Greg.

~

Today is the second Thursday in November, this year. Our skies today are beautiful and clear, and the temperatures here are cool, but not cold. I'm thinking about my hobbies, my sketching, and this writing, and music. I definitely feel like, a big part of why I'm as happy as I am, is in my keeping up these crafts, and hobbies. I'm in a time when my self work has put me way ahead of many others.

The secret to happiness, to myself, is in finding something to do, with my hands, and my mind. *When I'm having trouble finding work of some kind to do, happiness sometimes gets elusive.* But, having a word processor, on this smart device... I can usually start looking into my language... and in wheedling over word choice selection, for common emotions, and types of thinking, I'll find my moods improving, and time seems to accellerate... the whole morning getting past, quite quickly... ***and I'll have writing to show for the time. Writng can be***

a lot of fun. My Great Granddad served as a cook in a bakery company during World War One. His first wife, an American Indian woman, had passed away while he was overseas. When Granddad returned from the war to the states, he was first in Michigan, and while he was there, he met a woman, Sarah, whose Dad was an ordained minister, and who ran a general store. At any rate, Sarah and my Granddad moved back to Alabama. Granddad made a little store out of a barn, to sell the vegetables they grew in their field. They had good success

with corn, so Granddad found a large single cylinder flywheel gasoline engine, that was as big as a modern compact car, and managed to procure a large round grinding stone. Then he made a differential, turned by the engine connected with a belt around the spindle of the stone, from the flywheel, and so they had a grist mill. So, this worked, and they would sell corn meal. Does this sound like a good story, or what? Grandmoms piano came to me after she died. (Along with some other things... some old coins Granddad brought back from

overseas, and an old early camera, and a collapsable brass telescope. These things made me feel special, and set me ahead of the other kids in my neighborhood. I let these things get away from me in the decade of my twenties.) **Now I build these audio visual projects, and just try and stay out of people's way.** My work is pretty good, but that's taking a lot for granted. **You do have to live with others, and we all have our problems... including me.** *But our management and administrative people are so good, that it doesn't*

matter much, after all. (I only want to make sure that I myself never myself lapse in those ways.) At any rate, the time here is two thirty in the afternoon, and I've gotten my shower, and sat to try and write some more into this '***From DREAM to PRODUCT,***' audiobook. Outside my window, the sky is blue, with the glare of brilliant reflected sunshine illuminating my room's interior. The afternoon temperature is in the low seventies, and the room is comfortable. I'll have an article, such as this one, and it will have issues built into it, from the start,

and I'll have to find all of the glitches and remedy them before publishing the article. I've always been this way... having a writing practice is such a great wonderful blessing, that I'll always feel like I'm getting away with something highly fortuitous, and providential. *But, the challenges of finding and fixing the bugs are an ascended man's job... almost more than I know how to do... but I've had so much experience, at this way, that I for the most part, know what I can expect.* Anger and resentment are usually only two ways that a person

foils his or her own self... ***by his unwillingness to forgive another.*** I for one have lived with the pains of migraines for a long time. I've only gradually acquired the sense of an ability to somewhat envision placing my hands, or arms up alongside the affected area, usually around the sides of my head. ***This is why I've talked a lot of the 'Sunn salute,' and the value of reaching hands up past the sides of my head, in mitigating tension migraines.*** The sense of one's own comforting hands, upon the affected area seems to work the best.

Well, I've been sitting here working on this article for almost an hour, now... the way my mind is, writing, this afternoon, I seem to be having a difficulty with missteps. I think that by my remembering a sense of gratitude, and holding in my mind the memory of how, I've really put some work in this year, I can get past my pain. *We've gotten four full length journalistic self help books written. The music albums I've been given most recently... starting with 'the Moonflower Suite,' and going through 'Hallows sessions' have given me a wonderful 'above it*

all' kind of feeling and mood. Then, the very good visual pen and ink art we've accomplished since late last year have completely exceeded my expectations. (So, I know that a small indulgence for myself is not out of the question... only, can I forgive myself for such?) At any rate, these and other questions are in my mind, as this tired week tends to get over the hill... Thursday evening can be very pleasant, if I'll let it be. At any rate, I'll allow this writing to come to it's eventual end, and bring these thoughts to a close. I'll send them

along your way, now. Greg.

Post script: The main thing that's interesting in this writing, to myself, now, is the part about the yoga visualization exercises... this is the way that I've found my way, since the last of my 2023 writings... So this sure works for me. Even now, such relaxes and soothes my mind, offering hope and promise. This might be the best one could wish for. Can you, also imagine a situation, wherein several discrete, particular

distinctions are gathered around someone's outer ear, while a glowering, antagonistic figure appears to 'bear down' upon the whole scene... apparently intent upon some ponderous accusations, and who, thankfully, finds something better to think about? And, isn't this how we might could save that world? By just being more tolerant? I would think so. Wouldn't you? At any rate. I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I think, that if I had to say, it would be that my childhood was the very best part of my life. *I'm so proud, of the great work that both my Mom and my Dad did, in making the most comforting, sheltering, nurturing environment you could have.* My parents weren't materialistic, only believing that books, and educational television programs would be my magic carpet ride. **And they really were... my parents eschewed the**

luxuries other kids had, teaching me instead of the value of what I could make with my good mind, and my hands. So, maybe this explains my almost complete life satisfaction... in looking at my past work, and especially in having good creative projects going... in progress, at any given time. Even now, this writing is a great comfort to me, as I've somewhat lost a loved one, and feel loss, and separation... but I have such a writer's voice, **that I wouldn't neglect the good opportunity to again praise both of my parents**

for the good example they instilled in myself. No one around my life today, other than my Dad, I feel, and maybe a few other poor people, know as much about self reliance as I was taught from a young age. After all, I loved educational books like encyclopedias, and good magazines like National Geographic... ***my Mom especially told me that no good thing was beyond my abilities.*** My Dad was demonstrably self reliant, and built what he didn't have, furniture, and decor wise. *They were both distrustful of the pulpy,*

*tabloid culture, that we saw in the world, in the nineteen seventies and eighties... both for the sensual escapism of such media, and the pointlessness of so much of celebrity culture, and pop star adulation. (Of course fifty years later, such types of pursuits are still highly suspect, if you ask me... why would grown ups want to voyeuristically follow every detail of the lives of the rich and famous? **Still this world seems so lacking in substance.**)* I think that my prolific artistic and musical output has come almost one hundred percent, *because*

*of the simple fact that I was taught that having a literary project 'coming along,' is better even than having a shiny new luxury car. The wholistic values of good work added to one's book shelf far out pace the transient value of luxury items. Fine tools and instruments have always been a very male sort of specialty... **but now, everyone can be a type setter, a printer, a recording artist, a producer, an engineer, a photographer, an editor... because there will be the right software to go with our personal computers to***

do that specialty. You just have to learn how to make use of the software.

Our society isn't what it once was... I think it's much better, today... and it's getting even better. Soon, we'll have all of the

computing power we need, in a pair of glasses, and we'll, I think, be able to control everything with gestures, and eye movements. Someone will have it built. So, but in the twentieth century, and prior, for the most part, only expert craftspeople had the fine, precise tools needed to do specialty work, like that... to get those results.

Now, great precision is readily had by anyone with five hundred dollars for a personal computer. Musical instruments, for instance, are usually based in principles of electricity, and have sensors, pick ups, or microphones, which record the finest nuance of any type of music. Producing a record used to require expensive multi track consoles, but now, it could be done with a Pea Cee... right in a software application you install from a disc, or download from the internet. I guess that the point I'm making, is that values based in self

empowerment, literary
accomplishment, and musical
recording genius, as well as fine arts,
like painting and sculpture, and as I
said, printmaking, and many hobby
pursuits... such as naturalism, and
studying wild animals... **a person can
leave a lasting legacy, in areas like
these, if they have instilled in
them the limitless cachet afforded
by books, by writing, by painting...
by recording themselves playing
an instrument... you name it.** Say
you like photography, you can make
unlimited prints with a digital camera,

and do all the editing they need, on your pea cee, and use that same technology to upload your work and share it all around the world. So, the skies really are the limit, with these fine instruments, and computing devices. *At any rate, it's not everyone who has such strong parental role modeling going for them... so this explains my relentless tenacity at keeping on writing, and producing a musical output.* Most others lack ambition, and motivation... without these two, you just don't work in this area. I know, that my talents in music

and art are a little on the scrawny side, *but my ideas in writing are where my belief in myself really has paid off. After all, it's not everyone that has a well developed spiritual Theosophic, and literary grounding that can be written out... which knows the human mind like points of a compass, and who can be a lighthouse.* (Oh well, but, when I think of how I'm such a poor back seat driver, I really cringe. I'll give you an example. My friend was putting groceries in the back of our van, and I went around to the side door, and got in with my groceries,

and took my seat. Something in the direction my thoughts were turning in, around getting back on the road, and taking me to get my postage stamps, and doing it without delay... we nearly drove off while my lady friend was still putting groceries in the back of the van. *She hollered, and I realized that my eyes, trying to catch the driver's eyes, are sometimes a lying factor... they aren't always true... a younger driver needs to know, 'Don't listen to Greg, trying to back seat drive.'* **'You've just got to think for yourself.'** **'You've got to second**

guess some.' At any rate, this is just the kind of story, though, that someone will remember... because it shows how **high artistic or philosophic values don't always add up to much real world benefit, when we've got to live sanely, in a practical, materialistic world.** This is why I'm in a home to start with. I've said it many times, 'Those who don't marry or get a permanent partner usually have to have a helping hand, to ease the burdens of solitude.' **'They might need assistance, whether they think they might or not.'** Last

night's writing, I felt, seemed to say something really important... in particular, '***You can't fight justice, it always finds you.***' '***The justice in your own mind is one thing you can't escape forever.***' Remember the literary image of the small discrete particulars gathered around the outside of someone's outer ear... *while a glowering intimidating figure is seen to bear down from above, intent on making some irrefutable accusation.* This is what I feel is meant by, '***The game you can't beat, is the game within yourself.***' But, while I'm

mourning my loss, *I know that she's gone to her well deserved, (but I think, too early,) reward.* She loved the hymn, '**Shall we gather at the river?**' She told me numerous times, she wanted this sung in her memorial. Well, this is getting to be to the conclusion of this essay, so I'll bring these thoughts to a logical conclusion, now, and get ready to add them in with the others, and send along to you. This should nearly finish Part Four of my '**From DREAM to PRODUCT,**' audiobook. Until next session, all for now, Greg.

~

Getting over to our office for my morning medicine, today, I'm glad to look at the local weather, and see that today is mostly sunny, and for a week or more into the future. This might be good news for my moods, and I should feel like staying busy. I've got to sweep the whole apartment this morning... That's about the only house work I've really got to do, today, unless I can think of something else. I'm mainly glad to get to some

writing... This early start is a real good sign, I would say. I love the writing process, and I love using my talents, in choosing words and ideas based on meaning, logic, style, and just the ranges of what to leave out, what to keep in, and letting myself visually relate to the words on the page, to weigh and compare... *this art is fun, and God allows me to excell at it... I can do good at that.* That's what I think about it. At any rate. There's the carefully refined styles of writing, *then there's the 'intuitive reckoning,' types of prognostication.* When you're

trusting your 'intuition,' to get you over a broken place, like a memorial day observance, you sometimes let the words speak for themselves, *and make the fine line, just as it first comes out of your writer's hands, and eye. This usually is best, if you ask me.* Because, more likely than not, the spirit was just trying to be logical, and rational. Democratic liberties are such that, we're allowed to speak, and talk, so long as it's not in a false, or misleading, or deceptive manner... it's just that on an anniversary of a 'difficult trouble,' where no one was

the winner, for instance, whatever gets said, by the common sinner, will likely be interpreted and grouped in with the problem, rather than the solution... this tendency makes me averse to speaking of 'hard topics.'

Me, my feet are too big, or me, my nose is too sharp, or me, my overbite is too much, or me, my hair looks like I'm trying to scare people. Getting old is hard, and there has to be room for victory... *Does our culture go by youth, and vitality, and beauty, more than age and wisdom?* Because of the decay associated with old age? Or for

some other reason? Loss of sex appeal? Anyways this is something to think about. I pray for my seniors. For the most part, the older people are where it's at... **only they know the way.** But, they're too busy... living... procuring a morning coffee... when you need them more to write their wisdoms down on paper. Just observations, and associations. *How does your mind affiliate, with a culture that's very much oriented around youth?* Do you see the importance of your wisdom... how vitally important it is? When voluptuous women have the

publics' eyes transfixed? This is what I'm most sorry about, I'm afraid, with our culture. I like to give my seniors plenty of breathing room... I don't want to make anyone mad at me, for my sometimes bad ways of words coming out wrong... *so I just leave them alone.* They just need to know, that assistance is only one phone call away. That's about the best I know how to do. **At any rate, this writing is good for me, so that I think about real issues with aging, and American values.** *And so we can, together, work to make it better.* Well,

just some ideas. I'll put this writing away for a while, and get a little nap, here this morning, before our lunch. At any rate, it sure is good to know enough about how to lead my life to have some writing going... and to just focus on this one task... and let trouble be trouble... *and just not bother with it.* If God is for us, then who can be against us? Isn't it amazing, the way that a professional writer can take a static time... a time of little or no good merit, and make of it something literary, and great? What if this 'From DREAM to PRODUCT,' audiobook had

never been written? *Had not been started at all?* I wouldn't ever want to delete such a grand, and colorful audio book. **Such isn't perfect, though.** I think that a reeder has to see past certain human limitations. The idols of my youth, the musicians and writers who I put on such a high pedastle, had gotten stripped away, as I, a young man considered what was really up against me. But, returning to the loves of my youth, lets me see my own work with a compassionate, understanding eye. *'No one knows where inspiration arises from, or*

*where it goes,' to paraphrase. I'll look back at a book just like this one, and just marvel at spirits' '**carefully controlled virtuosity.**' I never knew what was flowing through my typists, and pianists hands. I just received... and tried to integrate the new in with what already had been written. At any rate, I feel as if most of my objectives have been met through the writing of it. Such reflects a wide range of qualities and characteristics which appear to work well in harmony and symphony with each other. That's spirit's graces. *That's about all I know**

*of it. I'd say such comprises my best ever work. If I couldn't say such, such would certainly be mediocre, wouldn't it? So, mine will be, will express excellence... whether the other does, or not. At any rate. I myself have the instruments, devices, tools and appliances... **plus motivation, self determinism, and ambition... to continue making meaningful contributions to 'the conversation,' today, and for a while.** Without the three 'in the middle,' I'd give you all of the instruments, tools, and appliances in*

the world, and nothing would happen... period. Anyways, the time is a quarter before one pea emm, after lunch, and I'm bent over this word processor keyboard, in generation of this concluding article for my latest part four of my, '**From DREAM to PRODUCT**' audio book. I hope you're similarly blessed with good work to do, and will to do it. *Purpose and meaning in your life is irrie place able. Such, maybe is, what we should quest for before rank and distinction... before materialistic oppulence. Maybe you'll discover this simple spiritual*

principle, and come to experience the fullness of living, in conscious awareness of and participation with the Hosts of Heaven. This is all that I know of it. I'll keep writing, if you'll keep reeding. (Here, I had to spell reeding phonetically in order for my computer's text reeder to pronounce the word correctly. Of course, this is part of a store of knowledge and experience, and understanding necessary to make these particular digital tools, instruments, devices, and appliances work, at all. All of this has to be acquired, and learned only over

time.) Well, our skies have gotten high hazy white, and overcast, now, and the winds are blowing the tree tops about a bit. But, no rain in the forecast, for a week or more. Well, I'll wrap these ideas up, and somewhat add them in with the others now, send along your way. All for now, Greg.

